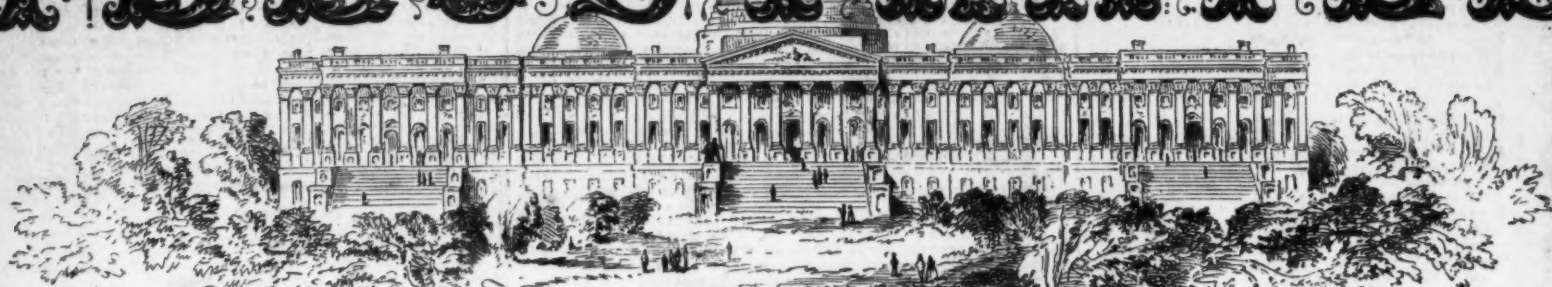


FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

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No. 143 — VOL. VI.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1858.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

We commence in the present number to publish a new story of thrilling interest, by one of the first writers of the age, called "The Chronicles of the Bastille."

It is especially interesting to Americans, as exhibiting the terrible effects of despotism. This story will be finely illustrated.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH COMPLETED.

Transmission of the Messages of
QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRESIDENT BUCHANAN.
Great Rejoicings throughout the United States.

We were enabled in our last to bring down the account of the successful laying of the Atlantic telegraph cable to the arrival of the Niagara and Gorgon in Newfoundland, and the transmission

of the great intelligence to every accessible part of the United States. Since then the crowning success has been attained by the transmission of Queen Victoria's message to the President of the United States, and the frigate Niagara has arrived at New York, amid the acclamations of an entire people, and glorious in the termination of her peaceful task. We are now able to present illustrations, from the pencil of our own correspondent, of the arrival of the Niagara and Gorgon in Trinity Bay, and of the



THE QUEEN'S MESSAGE.

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, WASHINGTON :—

The Queen desires to congratulate the President upon the successful completion of this great international work, in which the Queen has taken the deepest interest.

The Queen is convinced that the President will join with her in fervently hoping that the electric cable which now connects Great Britain with the United States will prove an additional link between the nations, whose friendship is founded upon their common interest and reciprocal esteem.

The Queen has much pleasure in thus communicating with the President, and renewing to him her wishes for the prosperity of the United States.

THE PRESIDENT'S REPLY.

WASHINGTON CITY, August 16, 1858.

TO HER MAJESTY VICTORIA, THE QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN :—

The President cordially reciprocates the congratulations of her Majesty the Queen, on the success of the great international enterprise accomplished by the science, skill and indomitable energy of the two countries.

It is a triumph more glorious, because far more useful to mankind, than was ever won by conqueror on the field of battle.

May the Atlantic telegraph, under the blessing of Heaven, prove to be a bond of perpetual peace and friendship between the kindred nations, and an instrument destined by Divine Providence to diffuse religion, civilization, liberty and law throughout the world.

In this view, will not all nations of Christendom spontaneously unite in the declaration that it shall be for ever neutral, and that its communications shall be held sacred in passing to their places of destination, even in the midst of hostilities?

JAMES BUCHANAN.

16th August 1858.

THE TELEGRAPHIC MESSAGES OF QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRESIDENT BUCHANAN.

landing of the shore end of the cable, together with the scenes attendant upon the arrival of the Niagara in New York harbor.
(Continued on page 202.)

THE TRYSTING OAK.

By Henry C. Watson.

I.
By yonder brawling stream
There stands a giant old tree,
Whose gnarled branches, spreading wide,
A rare shade used to be.
I've couched beneath its giant limbs,
When no one else was nigh,
And heard strange voices speak to me
In the winds that passed me by.

II.
We sat beneath its shade,
My playmate and my love,
A being fair as any dream
That poet ever wove!
And we were guileless too,
Nor knew of guilt or harm;
Her sweet face rested on my breast,
Her form upon my arm.

III.
The old tree loved us well,
And nodded when we came,
Here was our lonely trysting place,
And ever 'twas the same.
And here we parted too—
Ah! bitter was each sigh!
Again strange voices spoke to me
In the winds that passed me by.

IV.
Now many years have passed—
Again I seek its shade,
And think of all that time has done,
And all the wrecks it made.
My playmate and my love,
That golden heart of truth,
She perished in her summer hours,
In all her bloom of youth.

V.
The day before she died,
She sought its shade to weep;
I know strange voices spoke to her
As dreams pass by in sleep!
She answered them in thought,
And whispered them my name—
They swept by me in my distant home,
And whispered me the same!

VI.
I felt the unuttered word
Sweep by me, and a chill
Crept over every living nerve
Till my very heart stood still!
I did not weep nor sigh,
But oh! the wild unrest!
A spirit that would not be calmed
Lay trembling at my breast.

VII.
I knew that I must go,
And seek that giant old tree,
For there the spirit of my dead love
Would come and speak to me.
I waited not an hour—
How wild the speed I made!
I paused not to bid till I stood
Beneath the tree's deep shade.

VIII.
And here I stood last night
And questioned thus the tree—
"Old friend; where is my gold-haired love?
What news hast thou for me?
Has she, God's beautiful, gone out
As falling stars expire?
Must my heart smoulder in the flame
Of my love's funeral pyre?"

IX.
"Where was thy watch and ward?
I left her all to thee!
False friend, I curse thee in thine age—
Faithless to her and me!
Widowed in heart and old;
Aged in a single day;
Worn out and spirit-tired, like one
Whose hopes have passed away,

X.
"I stand, and claim thy charge—
The maid who should be mine—
Give back the wife of my true heart,
That holy trust of thine!"
I paused— but silence seemed
Of darkness deep a part—
I saw no sign, I heard no sound,
But the beating of my heart!

XI.
Where her dear feet had pressed
I knelt me down in prayer,
And heard the rustling of the wings
Of unseen angels there.
Then through the branches hoar
A swift and low wind came,
And ghostly voices sweeping by,
Whispered her blessed name.

XII.
And then I fell asleep—
A sleep like trance of death—
When suddenly the darkness fled
Before a flaming wreath;
A sweet face bended over me,
A soft breath stirred my hair,
And quiet fell upon my soul,
As though God's peace was there.

XIII.
A soft and sweet low voice,
In silvery murmurous stream,
Poured forth the healing words of love,
That were not all a dream.
I felt the kiss upon my brow,
Then in the paling light
The presence of my spirit love
Grew dim upon my sight.

DOMESTIC MISCELLANY.

Coming at Last.—It is rumored that one of our publishers has an almost verbatim copy of Byron's autobiography, that Moore pretended to burn for two thousand guineas to please Lord Lansdowne and Lady Byron. It was sold to an attaché of the American Minister on Count O'Grady's death in Paris. This bears out Dr. Shelton Mackenzie's prediction in his admirable edition of *Notes Ambrosiana*: "Lady Blessington, Mrs. Home Parrie, and at least one other person borrowed the autobiography from Moore, and made copies of it. Not until after the death of Lady Byron and Hobhouse can the autobiography see the light, but I am certain it will yet be published."

A Strange Scene.—Miss Margaretta Fox, of Rochester-knocking notoriety, was lately admitted by the rite of baptism, into the Roman Catholic Church at St. Peter's (Rev. Dr. Quinn's), in Barclay street. Horace Greeley and Mrs. Elliot were present as witnesses of the ceremony. The recusant was received according to the established forms, and appeared deeply impressed with the ceremony.

A New Cathedral.—On Sunday, 15th August, the laying of the cornerstone of the new St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth avenue and Fifth street, was a fête in which at least one hundred thousand of our Roman Catholic citizens participated. A sermon was preached by Archbishop Hughes; the suggestive ritual prescribed for such occasions by the Roman Catholic Church was observed with due solemnity, a copious entertainment was served to the clergy and their friends when the ceremony was over, and the affair was pronounced on every hand to be a most imposing and most hopeful inauguration of a great and important project. One hundred persons have subscribed a thousand dollars each towards this magnificent piece of architecture.

Kallock and Calico.—Our great poet, Bryant, has said, "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again." Now, if for "truth" he had written "Kallock" we should have given him credit for being a bit of a prophet, since the faithful of Boston have recalled the Rev. Mr. Kallock to his spiritual life. Our readers will no doubt recollect that the reverend gentleman has endured much persecution for an accidental indulgence in a private room, and a whiskey skin—a skin some of his unco pious congregation opined should never go inside a minister's skin. He therefore went to Kansas to study law, but the fair admirers of pulpit eloquence, whiskey skin, private rooms, and spiritual consolation, could not well do without him, and we learn from the Cincinnati

Gazette that, at a meeting of his old and young admirers, they agreed to recall him to a life of spiritual usefulness—which invitation he has accepted. This is a great triumph for whiskey skins!

Caucus.—This word, like that of Buncombe, is rapidly becoming European. It is pretty generally known that Buncombe comes from the name of a county in Virginia, whose member having made an absurd speech, was humorously roasted for its outrageous character. He coolly told his critics that he did not speak the speech for them, but for his constituents in Buncombe. We observe the American word "caucus" is now becoming used in the London papers. As we dare say many even of our American readers are not aware of its origin, we can inform them that it is derived from our early revolutionary history. The north part of Boston, which is celebrated for its anti-tea demonstrations, was the field of labor of the caulkers, and other mercantile laborers. These caulkers were the most active in patriotic movements against British oppression, and a "caulkers' meeting" became gradually to be called a caucus. The word, thus derived from revolutionary patriotism, is now adopted even in the land whose tyranny gave occasion to its origin.

Love and Jealousy.—While New York was in a flutter of delight on Tuesday night with the illuminations, a young German named Morganheimer shot Valentin Guiger through the heart to gratify his jealousy. It appears that he had escorted her during the evening to see the illuminations and fireworks, and had just as he was to the house where she boarded, No. 257 Houston street. The landlady, who had accompanied them, left them in the back parlor for a minute, when she heard the report of a pistol. Hurrying to the room she beheld the poor girl in the agonies of death. The murderer immediately left the place, proceeded to his boarding-house, and placing the pistol over his left eye fired, carrying nearly the top of his skull away. The poor girl died after a minute's pain, but the murderer lingered some hours. Coroner Connerly held an inquest on their bodies, and verdicts in accordance with the above facts were given. Morganheimer was of a very jealous disposition, and seems to have loved most ardently. Nearly a year ago he became suspicious that the girl was intimate with a young man, and one evening he watched them for several hours. He subsequently told the girl that, had they not been very circumspect on that occasion, he would have shot both. More recently he has threatened the girl's life for accepting invitations to walk out with the young man, but she seems not to have been incensed against him on account of the threats.

Missionary News.—The following persons have sailed for Smyrna in the Henry Hill, Capt. Watson, viz., Rev. Dr. Riggs and Rev. D. Ladd, with their wives, and the Rev. T. L. Ambrose. Dr. Riggs takes six children with him. Mr. Ladd has two. Both of these missionaries return to the North American mission, having labored in connection with it for many years. Mr. Ambrose goes out for the first time. He will join the Nestorian mission, in the expectation of devoting his life to the mountain Nestorians. The usual embarkation services were held; Rev. Dr. White, President of Wabash College, officiating on the occasion.

American Counts.—We can hardly believe it, but as it may be true we quote it from *La Presse*: "It is said that several American counts have been made in Italy in this way. The Pope, not being able to finish a certain railway for lack of money, offered the title of count to every foreigner who would subscribe a sum of \$5,000 to the road!"

The Ladies in Terror.—There was quite a scene on board the steamer Montgomery last week. A lady, while her husband was asleep, quite early in the morning before the ladies were generally stirring, dressed herself in her sleeping husband's boots, hat and pants, and thus attired came out of her stateroom, and went forward to the bar in the gentleman's cabin, took her "morning bitters," and returned to the ladies' cabin, where her appearance created great consternation, especially among the ladies in dishabille. It was amusing to see the ladies "darting" into their state-room and screaming out that a man was intruding himself; but when the excitement was at its highest pitch her hat fell off, displaying a profusion of curls which explained everything—except a small bet won from her husband.

Wicked Carelessness.—A young couple of Newyago, who were to have been married on Monday last week, walked out on Saturday and seated themselves upon a log in the shade of the wood, a short distance out of the village of Newyago, and while thus seated the young lady was shot through her abdomen by a rifle ball, and expired in three hours thereafter. The perpetrator of this melancholy deed says that he was out hunting, and that when he saw her through the bushes he thought her a deer and instantly drew his rifle and shot. The lady wore a red dress, and was flirting a white handkerchief to keep away the mosquitoes. The recklessness of some of these hunters ought to be punished, and we think hanging the above careless murderer would be a wholesome lesson. Firearms are altogether much too freely used in this country. We are rapidly becoming the land of the knife and revolver.

Hoboken.—Considerable excitement has reigned in this city in consequence of the Democratic organ accusing Mr. Lyons with carrying three of the aldermen in his breeches pocket. We pity the washerwoman who has to wash it, and there, we think, the mischief ends. Nobody would think of picking such a pocket, so the corporation counsel is safe on one side, although we would not advise him to keep his purse in the same pocket with the city father. Judge Whitley is very much exercised at these goings on, and is displaying a *coup d'état*, à la Napoleon, to deprive the citizens of Hoboken of their liberty. He can safely take that if he leaves them their larger beer. A theatre has been established in Garden street, called "The Tivoli," and managed by Mr. Rudolph Crist; French and German vaudevilles are performed there with considerable vivacity. The Common Council met on Thursday, and subscribed six dollars for fireworks to celebrate the laying of the electric cable from Ireland to America. Some of the most daring of their speculators consider it not improbable that a cable may within the next fifty years be laid across the Hudson! It now takes three days for a letter to come from New York to New Jersey. Any man who would get up a line of fast steamers between the two continents of New York and New Jersey would be a public benefactor. We say this without undervaluing the performances of the present Hoboken ferry-boat. The John Fitch has been known to go three miles an hour—which is equal to our fine war steamer the Arctic. New Jersey is a fast nation—that's a fact!

A Mysterious Affair.—The St. Louis Evening News gives a very horrible story about a deserted house near the Reservoir. It appears that the house had been occupied some months before by a person engaged in the manufacture of wax figures, and that when he left the city he left behind him a box, which he said contained wax figures, and which carman would call for in a few days. Soon after some boys went to play in the house, and seeing the chest, opened it. To their horror they discovered that it contained the decomposed corpses of three children of about six years of age. An inquest will be held; but it is feared the monster who left the bodies of these poor children, which he probably murdered, is beyond the reach of justice.

The Revolver Again.—The present age is, *par excellence*, the age of violence. Our lawyers act like ruffians in the halls of justice, and though the Judge does take them on one side and gently scold them, it can have no influence on a born blackguard, even though he shows some signs of repentance by drivelling about his aged parent. An evidence of this growing rowdiness was given last Saturday at Mansfield, Sandusky, when Mr. Cook, the proprietor of the Wiler House, was shot down in his own hotel by a daguerrian artist named Balfett. The assassin was about repeating his fire when he was overpowered and arrested. The misunderstanding arose from money matters.

Brooklyn.—A most enthusiastic meeting was held at the Musical Hall, corner of Fulton and Orange streets, lately, to devise ways and means to erect a first-class opera-house in the City of Churches. The attendance was very large, and very unanimous. Mr. W. Davidge, the celebrated American comedian, made the speech of the evening. He suggested the building of a theatre, and offered to manage it for the proprietors. Mr. Beecher thought his own chapel afforded ample entertainment for the people, and was opposed to building more places of public amusement. Mr. Davidge replied somewhat tartly to the comic divine, and a lively time was evidently coming, when some benevolent person turned off the gas, and broke up the meeting in darkness and confusion. It is, however, pretty certain that the City of Churches will very soon have an opera-house and a theatre—perhaps a hippodrome, model artist establishment, nigger minstrels and musical gardens.

A Wooden Pitcher.—Prominent among the curiosities at the Hermitage, once the home of General Jackson, is a wooden pitcher, remarkable both on account of the artistic skill displayed and the celebrity of the tree from which the wood was procured. It was made of the wood from the elm tree under which William Penn made the celebrated Indian treaty. The pitcher was pre-empted by the coopers of Philadelphia; and although it is not larger than a common cream jug, it contains seven hundred and fifty staves. The hoops, lid and handle are of silver; the bottom is a magnificent glass, by looking through which one is enabled to see the joints, which are invisible to the naked eye.

Indian Belles.—A correspondent from Kansas writes that he has been on a tour among some Indians, where he met with some of their reputed beauties. Their names are rather peculiar, and would not sound well in a visiting card: "Among them I met Polly Bigger, Mary Muckee, Susan Johnny-cake, Polly Between-the-Logs and Sally Siffire. The Wyandotte belle lives two miles below here, a bright-eyed, round-faced, chubby-cheeked girl of some twenty-two years, but afflicted with the black sickness so common to white girls—melancholy. I imagined at first that her sombre mood proceeded from a consciousness that her Indian blood excluded her from white society, but found it only an unrequited love. Indian girls of any ambition will not marry Indians, for most of the tribe have become drunken and worthless. They therefore turn their eyes to white alliances, and to be disappointed in a white love is doubly painful." Is there no romantic New Yorker willing to console the Wyandotte belle?

A Warning to Debtors.—An exchange paper advises all people who are in debt to avoid Newport, since the laws of Rhode Island allow the imprisonment of all strangers for debt. One summer bird who went to air himself has already been caged. It will be a great proof of openness or honesty for any one to visit that favorite watering-place.

A Just Tribute.—Mr. Herring has painted an excellent portrait of Mr. Tallmadge, the popular General Superintendent of Police. It represents him in a sitting position, in full uniform, with his right hand resting upon the revised statutes, and on a table is the costly gold shield presented to him some time ago. It is a capital likeness of the worthy ex-Recorder, and is intended to be a present to the jovial original from some of his most intimate friends.

Electrical Jubilee.—The telegraphic celebration in America will be a very expensive one to us, since already it has cost two hundred thousand dollars in confagurations. An hour after our rejoicings was over in New York a fire was discovered in the City Hall, which has damaged that building to the extent of fifty thousand dollars. To be sure it is an ill wind that blows nobody

any good, and some of our city officials will make a little fortune out of the calamity. Rochester has been attended with a still severer infliction, for just as the bells ceased ringing for joy they commenced ringing for fire; and as one kind of pyrotechnics were over another began, for about twenty houses blessed away like so many tar barrels. The loss is computed at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. We are afraid we shall hear of many more of these spontaneous and unannounced celebrations.

An Eligible Match.—A Georgia paper has the following suggestion. Of course it will be adopted. The young Wales and Miss Columbia can spark across the Atlantic, and by applying the tip of their tongues to each end of the cable shock public morality by a kiss under water. A kiss two thousand miles long will realise the poet's description of "linked sweetness long drawn out." If the Prince of Wales is not willing to accept the following offer, is there no young Irishman ready to jump at it? Don't let all the O'Flahertys, O'Briens, Connerys, and the descendants of other Irish kings speak at once:

"Queen Victoria's eldest son, the Prince of Wales, if not already, will soon be wanting a wife, so let the United States offer one of her fair daughters for his bride, the lady that may be selected to be adopted by Uncle Sam, each of the States to give a bridal present suitable for the occasion, Uncle Sam to make up deficiencies in fortune, for a dowry for the position that she would occupy. We can supply him with as splendid an affair as he could get upon the top of this globe, and the fact of her being Uncle Sam's daughter is as high a rank as any European Power could boast!"

FOREIGN NEWS

ENGLAND.

The Arabia has arrived with advices to the 7th August. The political news is of small importance. On the 2d the British Parliament was prorogued by commission. The Queen's speech was very uninteresting—merely congratulating the country upon their being on good terms with all powers, except the Chinese, and speaking hopefully of the Indian rebellion. The Queen, accompanied by her husband and a gallant re-ine, met Napoleon at Cherbourg. The Exchange at Antwerp had been destroyed by fire. The success of the great cable had been hailed with the most extraordinary enthusiasm for so cold a people.

CUBA.

The only item of any interest is that respecting the telegraph from the United States to Havana. The company have received the formal sanction of the Governor-General Concha, for which it is reported, they paid \$40,000, and it will be commenced immediately the cable arrives from England. It is interesting to an American to thus meet on every side with such evidences of our dependence upon our great rival, as to be unable to manufacture properly a mile of telegraphic cable. If Senators Seward and Tomba were to assist in building up national manufactures, instead of making themselves odious to the patriot and ridiculous to the artist, by belching Buncombe, they would deserve epitaphs for their descendants to be proud of.

MEXICO.

Our advices from this wretched priest-ridden republic are to the 2d August. There was every probability of some violent change, as the Government of Zolaga was growing desperate for want of money. Count Gabric, the French Minister, had compromised himself by his support of the tyrant, who had imprisoned several of the wealthiest citizens in order to extort money from them. Mr. Forsyth, our Minister, was nearly arrested a few days before the mail left. He drew his revolver and declared he would shoot the first man who laid hands on him. Mr. Buchanan has great patience with these wretches.

HOLLAND.

An Abdication.—The rumor that the Prince of Orange is to propose for the hand of the Princess Alice, second daughter of Queen Victoria, is again revived. It will be remembered that his father was an unsuccessful suitor for the hand of the Princess Charlotte, who preferred Prince Leopold to him—as afterwards his revolted Belgian subjects preferred that lucky man as their monarch. In connection with the above, we copy from a London paper, "A despatch from Paris says it was reported there that the King of Holland intends to abdicate. The Prince of Orange, the heir to the throne, completes his eighteenth year next month, when he will be qualified to ascend the throne. The motives of the king's abdication are said to be a profound mystery." It would perhaps be more in accordance with the spirit of progress, if, instead of marrying her daughters to old foggy kings, Victoria were to splice the daughters of her royal line, as she has done her telegraphic cable, to an American line, and select our young merchant princes—such as the junior Van Rensselaers, Livingstons, &c.—for her sons-in-law!

RIO DE JANEIRO.

By the brig William Wilson we have the *Diário de Rio de Janeiro* of June 21. The *Diário* has a long article vigorously urging a "political alliance with the United States, which should extend even to the formation of a principal of intervention, in such cases and of such character as might be judged proper, in order to control the interests and protect the rights of different States in the two Americas." As a preliminary step, the *Diário* urges the establishment of a line of steamers between Rio and New York, and exhorts the Brazilian Government to support a project on foot for that object.

According to the *Diário*, the health of Rio was good.

PACIFIC OCEAN.

Another Cable.—Now that the Atlantic cable has been laid, the public mind will doubtless give its attention to the Pacific. A glance at the map will show that it will be a much easier task than laying the Atlantic cable, since Nature has provided innumerable resting-places to lay it on. How far the coral reefs may interfere with its success is a question for experience to decide. In addition to the islands laid down in the maps, we hear every day of new groups, which seem to have either sprung up suddenly, or to have escaped the notice of navigators. The ship *Frigate Bird*, arrived from Hong Kong July 4th reports having fallen in with a group of rocky islets, not laid down on the charts. The report says: "Went north as far as latitude 46 17; June 31, at 4 p. m. made a group of rocks bearing south, distant six miles, sea breaking very high around them; some of them were even with the surface, and some of forty to fifty feet high; they appeared to extend east and west about a mile; they lay in latitude 31.50 N., longitude 140 E., and are not down on my chart. After running E. N. E. thirty miles, made South Islands, bearing N. N. W., distant thirty-five miles, which make these rocks bearing from South Islands S. by W. half W., distant seventy miles." It will also be remembered that guano islands of considerable extent were discovered little more than a year ago to the north-west of the Sandwich Islands.

GOSSIP OF THE WORLD.

ENGLAND.

Putting his Foot on it!—At the Rochdale petty sessions, Mr. John Bold, manufacturer, Halifax, was charged with having assaulted the widow of the late Mr. Eastwood, solicitor, of Todmorden. The defendant did not appear, and was represented by Mr. Mitchell, solicitor, Halifax. Mr. Higham appearing for Mrs. Eastwood. The evidence of the latter was to the effect that she left her husband on a group of rocks bearing south, distant six miles, sea breaking very high around them; some of them were even with the surface, and some of forty to fifty feet high; they appeared to extend east and west about a mile; they lay in latitude 31.50 N., longitude 140 E., and are not down on my chart. After running E. N. E. thirty miles, made South Islands, bearing N. N. W., distant thirty-five miles, which make these rocks bearing from South Islands S. by W. half W., distant seventy miles." It will also be remembered that guano islands of considerable extent were discovered little more than a year ago to the north-west of the Sandwich Islands.

A Lunatic Angel.—A young lady of foreign accent and of very eccentric demeanor, who was dressed all in white, with yellow boots, alighted at the Peterboro' station from an excursion on the Great Northern the other day. The address on her luggage was as follows: "Her Divine Majesty, the Zion Holy Ghost, Empress of the Universe, Beloved Bride of Heaven—Passenger to Silverdale, near Lancaster." She said she was an angel from Heaven, and presented to one of the clerks at the station a kind of tract, chiefly in Latin and French, about one-third portion of it being in English.

IRELAND.

Fifty Children Nearly Poisoned.—On Friday week upwards of fifty children were nearly poisoned by eating small French nuts, which had been incautiously thrown into Temple lane, Dublin, from the stores of Messrs. Magan, corn merchants. The ill effects of the nuts did not appear for some time after the children had eaten them, when they were attacked with symptoms resembling Asiatic cholera. The police had upwards of fifty of the sufferers conveyed to Messrs. and Jervis street Hospital, while the remainder were treated at the houses of their parents. By the use of the stomach pump and active medicines, the children were all declared out of danger before midnight. It is stated that the nuts contain a large proportion of oil, and if eaten in moderation, as they are in France, are not attended with unpleasant consequences.

SCOTLAND.

Dangerous Old Boxes.—Parents should either keep their chests locked, or else have them made so that the lids can't be fixed down by means of a screw. Only last month we had to record the suffocation of a little boy in Brooklyn owing to the culpable carelessness of his parents in leaving such dangerous articles of furniture about. The London papers supply the following: "One day last week, while four little boys were diverting themselves by leaping in and out of an old iron chest that stood in the stable of a farm in the Cause of Gowrie, the whole of them got into it at one time and drew down the lid, which, being furnished in the common way for a padlock, the holder caught the staple and made them prisoners at once beyond the possibility of extricating themselves. Fortunately, however, the horses had to be suppressed, but the ploughman whose duty it was to do so had performed his task and was leaving for the night, when he thought he heard some movement in the chest."

Aware there was no corn in it, he was convinced he was deceived; but, curiosity prompting him, he lifted the lid and found the now missed and anxiously sought for prisoners still alive, but quite unconscious, or unable to make the least effort for their deliverance. Had a movement on the part of one of them not drawn the attention of the ploughman at the last moment, the whole four would doubtless have been dead before morning."

FRANCE.

French Sentiment.—A short time since a young peasant girl, upon her return home found her family in great distress in consequence of her brother, the sole support of his parents, having been compelled to become a soldier. The young girl having heard, when at school, a great deal said of the kindness of the Empress, determined to write to her Majesty, explaining the situation in which she and her parents were left in consequence of the absence of her brother. This letter—the unaltered composition of the young girl—was, with the address, "A Madame l'Impératrice, à Paris," confided to the post. The young girl said not a word of what she had done to any one. She regarded it as a secret between herself and her Majesty; and she was not surprised (although every one else in the village was amazed) to hear from the postman that he had a letter sealed with the imperial arms addressed to the young maiden. The letter was written by her Majesty's secretary, and assured the little peasant girl that the wrong done to her family should be speedily repaired. The letter was followed in a few days by the return of the girl's brother to his native village. The young soldier and his sister are about to erect an altar of turf, and to decorate it with flowers, and at that altar both, accompanied by the maidens and young men of their village, will offer up their prayers for the health, long life and happiness of the Empress as she passes on her way from St. Brieux to Dinan.

This is one of those absurd exceptions which seem to sanctify the tyrant's rule; for one such piece of royal charlatanism we have ten thousand instances of cruelty. We merely copy it to show the miserable state of human government.

French Highfalutin.—M. Delasalle, in defending one of the desperate gang of robbers and murderers just tried at Caen, thus wound up his speech: "Think, gentlemen, of the terrible consequences of a judicial mistake! You are now twelve in that box, and, in secrecy, you may keep up each other's courage. But when my client's head rolls on the scaffold you will be separated. That gory head will haunt your solitude and your domestic hearth; it will startle you on the deck of the counting-house; it will face you on the conjugal pillow; and it will come between you and your children when you go to kiss them."

We rather conclude that the gory head would be much more inclined to haunt the jury when on the ruffian's shoulders than off it. As a jurymen, we should rather risk the ghost than the man.

Suicide and Sanity.—Dr. Southwood Smith, a celebrated London physician, maintains, in his book on fever, that suicide is a disease, and that the loss of blood, or a good dose of salts, would have saved many a life if administered in due season. He grounded this upon the fact, that so many who had attempted self-destruction by cutting their throats invariably came to their senses after the loss of a certain quantity of blood. The *Chercher de Lyons* relates an attempt made by a wealthy merchant named Antoine Zuluceta. Having suffered some time from rheumatism, he resolved to destroy himself. He ordered a coffin, wrote his will, purchased wine and comestibles to refresh his funeral party, and having sent invitations to some special friends through the post, to attend his funeral, retired to his bath, like an ancient Roman, to die. Having made several incisions in his arms without severing an artery, the loss of blood restored him to the full possession of his reason. His cries for assistance having brought his attendants, he sent for a surgeon, who bound up his wounds and ordered him to be put to bed. Next morning he awoke cured of his suicide mania, and helped devour his own funeral feast.

Chit-chat.—The *Revue et Gazette des Théâtres* says: "The commission of dramatic authors, with the assistance of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, have discovered in Milton the son of Mozart, living in comfortable circumstances, and have presented to him his share of the profits accruing from the reproduction of the 'Marriage of Figaro.'"

The Munich *Gazette* publishes the report of the jury appointed to award the prizes offered by King Maximilian, or the two best tragedies. The number of competitors was 113, of whom eleven were set aside as having departed from the conditions laid down. The first prize was given to M. Heyes, of Munich, for his "Sabines," and the second to M. Jordan, of Frankfurt, for his "Widow of Agis."

The fashionable world in Paris is thrown into a state of consternation by the horrible death of one of its favorite members. The Marquise de Rougé was driving out near Amiens, when her horses took fright and bolted across the country. She attempted to get out of the carriage, but her foot caught in the steps, and she was dragged along on rough stony ground for about a mile. When the horses were stopped she had already expired; all the flesh on her face had been torn off.

SPAIN.

Just Like Her.—The British press seem to be surprised at Spain's Vandalism. Here is the item:

"A piece of Vandalism has been committed in Spain which we should hardly have believed possible in an European State, and in the year 1858. The celebrated bridge of Alcántara, with the triumphal arch of Trajan, have been pulled down, in order to use the stones for other purposes. This bridge, that united the two shores of the Tago, was, as everybody knows, one of the most important architectural Roman relics in Europe. It was 70 feet long, and 23 feet wide. The triumphal arch on the bridge measured 40 feet in height."

What can be expected of a nation which tolerates a courtesan as its Queen? Some years ago Queen Isabella was about to visit England, but was prevented by the English Ambassador stating frankly that she would not be received by Victoria. Was it not a gentleman of the name of Buchanan who signed the Ostend manifesto? Where is George Sandre and Dan Sickles? We know where Pierre Soule is, and where Cuba ought to be!

ITALY.

A Noble Criminal.—The Marquis Campana, who has lately been found guilty of embezzling the funds of the Mont de Piété, has so valuable a cabinet of curiosities that Rothschild has offered four millions of francs for it. This will go a great way towards paying his debts. Despite his dishonesty, he was, like M. Fouquier, a man of elegant tastes, and a great patron of art and religion.

FEJEE ISLANDS.

A Fact for Greeley.—We suspect that our friend Horace will admit there is something to be said in favor of tobacco when he reads that it has saved human life. Commodore Wilkes, of the Exploring Expedition, was told by a savage of the Feejee Islands that a vessel, the hull of which was still lying on the beach, had come ashore in a storm, and that all the crew had fallen into the hands of the savages. "What did you do with them?" inquired Wilkes. "Killed them," answered the savage. "What did you do with them after you had killed them?" demanded the commodore. "Eat them—good," returned the cannibal. "Did you eat them all?" inquired the hal-sick commodore. "Yes; all but one." "And why did you spare that one?" asked Wilkes. "Because he taste too much like tobacco—couldn't eat him now," was the curious response.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Our advice is to June 24th. The King had opened his Parliament in a very sensible speech, principally taken up with the birth of his son and heir. It is somewhat amusing to read in a paper published in a Pacific Ocean island, only just snatched from barbarism, such a passage:

"We have been shown a splendidly worked lace robe which was yesterday presented for the young Prince of Hawaii. It is the handiwork of Miss Margaret Hinchey, from the celebrated lace manufactory of Limerick, Ireland. Miss Hinchey's sisters, we are informed, had the honor of making the lace coronation robe of her Majesty Queen Victoria, as also the baptismal robe of the Princess Royal of England, whose recent marriage with the Prince of Prussia has created so much interest throughout the civilized world. The robe intended for the Hawaiian prince is beautifully worked with appropriate national symbols, and has a representation of the Hawaiian coat of arms on the breast."

Their House of Nobles has a very eloquent statesman named Prince Lot Kamehameha. The ministerial paper, the *Polynesian*, and the opposition journal, the *Pacific Commercial Advertiser*, are continually squabbling like our Washington *States and Union*. We noticed in the *Commercial Advertiser* the following advertisement:

"Easts & Co., Agents, Hakodadi, Japan," and next to it "W. H. Kelley, Tabiti;" but the most curious is the following: "W. Butler, Custom House and Commission Agent, Mangunai, New Zealand. Shipping supplied on the most reasonable terms. Lat. 35-6 S., long. 173 28 E." Giving the latitude and longitude of a store is a novelty.

MADAGASCAR.

More Savage Villainy.—The great fault of the age is the lavender water philanthropy which concedes to brutes and savages the rights of civilization. When niggers Feejeeans, repays, Bojemen and cannibals are weighed in the same scale as Christians, the age of barbarism has commenced once more to regain its ascendancy. We trust the French Government will seize upon Madagascar without any delay.

A French vessel, the *Marie Caroline*, of Nantes, having gone to Madagascar, received an order from King Vinsang of Hena-Be to anchor off Sona-Rano, the ordinary residence of that petty potentate. On reaching that place the captain, accompanied by a boy, went to the king's residence to offer the customary presents, and afterwards informed him that he had come to treat for free blacks. Vinsang then gave him a house to reside in for the time necessary for his negotiations, and on the following day ten men and women were procured for him. Only a few days, however, elapsed before the king began to carry his guilty projects into execution. The boy was first killed by a blow from a sabre, and the captain destroyed by a musket ball. The next thing was to get rid of the crew in order to gain possession of the vessel, and for that purpose a *ruse* was resorted to. Fifteen Malagache soldiers were embarked in a large boat, and taken to the vessel as though they were blacks who wished to engage. After some objections made by the mate of the ship to receive them, they were allowed to come on board. Scarcely had they entered into negotiations on the deck of the vessel than one of the Malagaches drew a pistol and shot the mate dead. This was a signal for a general massacre of the crew. Two of the sailors saved themselves in the rigging, another was drowned, and a fourth reached the shore, but seriously wounded, all the rest being killed. The vessel was then taken into the river of Sona-Rano, where she was pillaged and then burnt.

A letter from St. Denis of the 13th April, in confirming this account, states that the men who escaped the massacre were still alive. It however announces that "Mouroumbe, King of Mouroumbe the bay of which place is called by the English 'Murderer's Bay,' had put to death the agent of a rich commercial house at Hamburg, after having taken possession of all his property. It was in this same bay that the crew of an English vessel of war were massacred some few years since, and where the captain and crew of the French vessel, the *Grenouille*, met with a similar fate. Such is the state of French commerce with Madagascar, a fine island, and proclaimed a French colony in 1642."

We have not had any satisfaction for the one hundred and fifty American citizens slaughtered in cold blood by the mercenary Concha of Havana. Nor yet of the twenty-four American citizens slain by the wretched niggers of New Granada. *Mais n'importe*—they were only American citizens!

PARLOR GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

Fashions for August.—We have already noticed the novelty of combining black with colored ribbon in trimming bonnets. This caprice—for it is a fantastic rather than a fashion—is gaining favor in Paris. The black sarsenet ribbon employed for this style of trimming is by no means so effective as black; and though the innovation is not in the best taste, yet Fashion has accepted it, and consequently it has been readily adopted by her votaries. In the form of bonnets there is no very marked change, but those of the very newest style manifest a slight tendency to enlargement. The trimmings exhibit the most fanciful variety; and flowers, feathers, ribbons, blonde, jet, or pearls are lavishly employed. Some, however, which have just issued from the most fashionable milliners, are distinguished by comparative simplicity; we here describe two of the most admired. One of the shape called the *Antoinette* has the front made of *paille-de-rit*, with a soft crown of spotted tulle lined with silk. White magnolias are tastefully disposed on the outside, and also in the ruche of blonde under the brim. Another bonnet consists of a combination of mauve colored silk and white tulle. The crown is ornamented with straw embroidery, covered with a chenille knot. On the left side there is a spray of white eglantine. Under trimming, bows of mauve-colored ribbon and sprays of white eglantine.

Piqué is a material now exceedingly fashionable for negligé costume. A dress of piqué usually consists of a jupe and a long casaque, the latter buttoned up the front, and ornamented with some one of the many varieties of beautiful passementerie now so much in fashion. Jackets of white piqué or of marcella are frequently worn with silk skirts, and thus form a pretty variety in costume. These jackets may be trimmed with white fringe or passementerie; sometimes they are trimmed with colored braid; but the most elegant trimming is needlework of an open eyelet-hole pattern. Mohair dresses are also much in favor for the country. The kind best suited for negligé are those with an all chequered pattern. They are made either with side trimmings or double skirts. In either case the trimming usually consists of colored ribbon. One or more straight rows are placed at the edge of the upper skirt. For promenade or carriage dress we mention one of very rich and green silk with two skirts; the upper one is edged with very broad green and white fringe, having a heading of green silk passementerie, intermingled with black velvet. A high corsage fastened in front by buttons of malachite and gold. The sleeves are trimmed with fringe corresponding with that on the skirt. The sleeves are loose at the ends and plaited at the upper part. The undersleeves are formed of a double puff of tulle and a frill of lace. Bonnet of French chip, trimmed with bouquets of verberna, intermingled with broad blades of grass. The strings are of white ribbon, edged with rose-colored velvet. Square shawl of organdi muslin, edged with a frill of the same, headed by a bouillonné with running of lilac ribbon. We will close with the description of a very elegant ball dress. Robe of white gauze, with nine narrow flounces, each edged with a bias band of mauve-colored silk. Over this flounced skirt is a tunic of maize silk, open at each side. A low corsage, finished at the top by a ruche of tulle, and a fichu An-onnette, crossed both at the back and in front. The fichu is formed of two trills of gauze, edged with runnings of m-laze-colored ribbon. The loose hanging sleeves of white tulle are edged in a corresponding manner. The front hair is disposed in double rouleaux at each side, and the back hair in loose bows or loops. The coiffure consists of bouquets of the lilac gladiolus with sprays of heath; the same flowers compose the bouquet de corsage and the hand bouquet.

Eugenie's Hat.—The hat to be worn at sea during the trip to Cherbourg by the Empress has been much talked of, and has been privately viewed by the favored few. It is of the English gipsy shape, the new *Olivier*—fitted with a net scarf, and ornamented with Constantinian's new rose, "the last rose of summer," which is loose and fading leaves and darkening tint have created such a mania. There are to be paid on every hat and bonnet for many months to come.

The Morality of the Alphabet.—Which are the most industrious letters? The Bees. Which are the most extensive letters? The Seas. Which are the most fond of comfort? The Eggs. Which are the most egotistical letters? The I's. Which are the longest letters? The E's. Which are the noisiest letters? The Oh's. Which are the estate letters? The Peas. Which are the greatest bores? The Teas. Which are the most sensible letters? The W's.

A Romantic Duke.—The *Court Journal* gives us an amusing incident of the Duke Maximilian, who is a great lover of the "zither," a singularly plaintive instrument, and the national guitar of the German Alps. During the summer he delights to wander over the mountains in the garb of a common hunter, armed with his rifle, and the "zither" hung round his shoulders. Recently, during one of these excursions, he sat down on the trunk of a tree, and awakened the echoes of the opposite chain of hills. Concluding he was alone, he revelled long in the sweet sounds; when, however, he ceased, some peasants who had been his secret auditors, drew near to him, and one addressed the duke in the cordial way of the country, as follows:

"Thou, indeed, canst play it wonderfully; now come with us, and we will dance to thee in the inn down there. We will pay for as much beer as thou canst drink."

"Thank you," replied the duke, "I am not thirsty, but I shall certainly go with you," which he did, and played for more than two hours in "the inn down there."

The peasants and their lasses were in ecstasies while dancing to the tunes of their new friend. With the peevish feeling native to the mountaineers of the Alps, they sang, jumbled about, and kept up a steady demand for more tunes. The duke, whose face beamed with joy, at length became weary, and prepared to leave.

"Thou mayest go," said one of the peasants, "but not till thou hast played the new dance composed by Duke Maximilian; it is the most exquisite piece of music I ever heard; play it, and I'll give thee twenty-four kreuzers."

The duke complied with the request, took his kreuzers, and then departed, when one of the peasants made the following speech to his fellows and their partners:

"My dear comrades! permit me to tell you that you are all asses. Every one of you plumes himself on his knowledge of the 'zither,' and none of you while hearing the best player in the land, recognized Duke Max. I did at once."

The peasants, still more delighted with the condescension of their illustrious friend, ran after him, thanked him, and got the promise that he would play for them once more.

"As to the twenty-four kreuzers," the duke said, "I will keep them; they are all I have ever made by playing my zither."

When all were well satisfied with such romantic tastes? Fancy Astor or Jacob Little taking the banjo into Centre street, and gathering a crowd with "Sing song, Polly, won't you ky me oh!"

CHESS.

All communications intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Frere, the Chess Editor, Box 2495, N. Y. P. O.

MATCH BETWEEN PAUL MORPHY AND HERR LOWENTHAL.—The interest felt in this contest by the chief lovers of the game languishes from the one-sided nature of the struggle. Up to the time of our writing, eight games have been played, of which "Stars and Stripes" have secured five, lost one, and drawn one. Curious enough, by far the finest exhibition of real Chess play has been in the single game won by the Hungarian; indeed, he appears here to be quite another man, takes up a grand position through Morphy's carelessness, plays a long series of difficult moves without error, and wins the game in a way that would have done credit to Macdonell. Alas! for the other games! Can it be the same Lowenthal? We confess our belief that such is Chess, and that little can ever be told from the first half dozen games. M. Lowenthal has, hitherto, underplayed himself, and need not resign the thoughts of ultimate victory from past defeats. Let him think of the English at Iokermann, holding their own even in the grips of the bear, and "never despair" by his motto and his everlasting thought. Our good and good-looking friend Morphy must not, however, think we mean to liken him personally to a bear, for he is the very pick of courtesy and civility, and we know would rather be glad than otherwise to see his opponent score a game or two, to restore the match to its pristine condition of universal interest and expectation. We despair of seeing an Englishman take up Morphy's challenge. The Chess players have not the leisure; while our ten thousand of the heavy pocket and bread acres have the leisure but not the Chess—Bell's Life.

MATCH BETWEEN MESSRS. MORPHY AND LOWENTHAL, commenced on Monday, the 19th ult. Present score, up to Thursday, the 26th ult.: Mr. Morphy, 5; Herr Lowenthal, 1; drawn, 1. The first game, played on Monday, the 19th ult. (Philidorian defence), was drawn; second, Tuesday, the 20th (gambit declined); third, Tuesday, the 22d (Petroff defence); fourth, Friday, the 23d (gambit declined); sixth, Tuesday, the 27th (Sicilian opening); and seventh, Thursday, the 29th (Petroff defence), were won by Mr. Morphy. The fifth, Monday, the 26th (Petroff defence), was won by Herr Lowenthal.—*London Sunday Times*.

LATEST.—Morphy, 5; Lowenthal, 2; Drawn, 1.

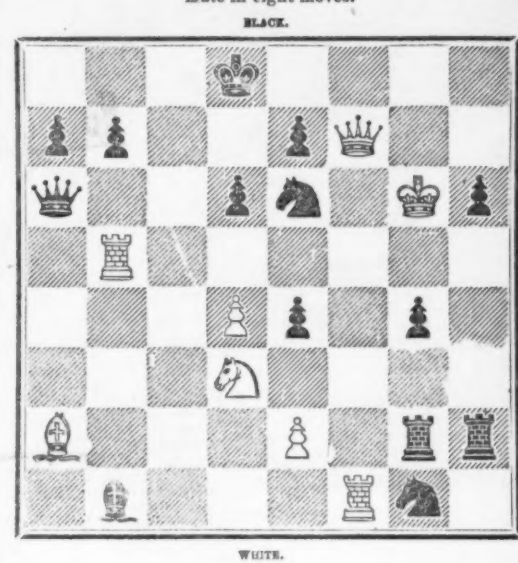
TO CORRESPONDENTS.—C. Bauger, Me., (and other correspondents). "Frère's Chess Hand-book" contains the code of rules and regulations for playing the game, and is probably as good a publication as can now be had here. Enclose fifty cents, in stamps, to us (Box 2495), and we will immediately forward the book, postage paid.—J. H. M., Avon Springs. We do not consider the points named to be flaws. The position seems a good one. All problems for competition in our Tournament must be dispatched from the composer on or before the 1st of September. Write all the variations. Send

problems to us.—C. P., Owing's Mills, Md. We regret that you cannot have the satisfaction of getting "a regular good beating at play," but will do the best we can for you as to solutions. Your solution of Mr. Cook's problem is not only wrong in the number of moves, but you cannot mate even in seven, as stipulated by the composer, if you play the first move as named. Further, you are entirely wrong if you suppose that you can de-patch Mr. Elson's problem in the summary manner named. It can't be done. Try it again. Why do you not play some one by correspondence, if you have no player in your place?

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—Dr. R., Philadelphia (Have written by mail); JACOB ELSON, Philadelphia (Have again written, inclosing diagrams); M. W., New Bedford, Mass.; A. J. H., Kewanee, Ill. (Problem received—send along the picture).

SOLUTIONS RECEIVED.—Dr. R., Philadelphia; W. B. M., Charlestown, Mass.; E. A. B., Charleston, S. C. (with problem).

PROBLEM CXL.—By T. M. BROWN. White to play and checkmate in eight moves.



SOLUTION TO PROBLEM CXL. by E. R. COOK, Hoboken, N. J.—B to Kt 5 (ch); K to Q 2 (best); P to K 3 (ch); P to K 3 (ch); R to K 3 (ch); K to R 5 (ch); B to Kt 3 (best); Kt to B 3 (ch); Q to Kt 3; B to Kt 3 (ch); Q to K 3 (ch); Q to K 3 (checkmate)—the end position forming the letter M—the problem being dedicated to N. MARACHE, Esq.

As there were several inaccuracies in the following game, as heretofore published, we now reprint it correctly. It is also enriched by Mr. Lowenthal's notes:

First game of the match pending between Messrs. Lowenthal and Morphy. We consider this game a neat specimen of Chess, abounding in situations in which one false move would lose the game.

WHITE. Mr. L.	BLACK. Mr. M.	WHITE. Mr. L.	BLACK. Mr. M.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	27 Kt to QR 4	Q to QR 4
2 Kt to KB 3	P to Q 3	28 Kt to QB 3	Q to Q 7
3 P to Q 4	P to K 3	29 P to KB 3 (e)	Kt to QB 3 (f)
4 Kt to P	Kt to KB 3 (a)	30 Q to K 2 (g)	Q to B 8 (ch)
5 Kt to QB 3	B to K 2	31 K to B 2	Q to Kt 1
6 B to K 2	Castles	32 B to P (h)	Q to B 7
7 Castles	P to QB 4	33 Q to Kt 5 (i)	Q to QB 6 (j)
8 Kt to KB 3	Kt to QB 3	34 Kt to Kt 3	Q to KB 3
9 B to KB 4	B to K 3	35 Q to Kt 3	P to Kt 3
10 Q to Q 2	P to Q 4	36 Q to QB 8 (ch)	K to R 2
11 P to P (b)	Kt to P	37 B to Q 3	Kt to K 4
12 Q to R to Q	Kt to B	38 Kt to Q 2	Q to R 5 (ch)
13 Q to Kt	Q to QR 4	39 K to B sq	Q to R 8
14 B to Q 3	QR to Q sq	40 Kt to K 4	Q to R 8 (ch)
15 Kt to Kt 5	B to Kt	41 K to B 2	Q to B 8
16 Q to K 4	P to KB 3	42 Q to QB 3	Q to B 8
17 Q to KR 4	Kt to Q 5 (c)	43 K to K 2	P to KR 4
18 P to QR 3 (d)	K to R to K	44 Kt to KB 2	P to K 5
19 K to K	Q to Kt 3	45 Q to Q 2	P to Kt 6
20 Kt to QR 4	Q to Q 4	46 Q to K 3	P to QR 4
21 Kt to QB 3	P to KB 4	47 Q to K 4	B to K 3
22 R to K 5	B to KB 2	48 P to B 4	Kt to H
23 Q to K	Q to Kt 3	49 P to Kt	B to Kt 5 (ch)
24 R to K	B to R	50 K to R 6	B to K 4
25 R to K (ch)	B to R	51 Q to K 7 (ch)	K to R 3
26 Q to K 7	B to B 2		

(a) Mr. Morphy here very judiciously preferred bringing out the King's Knight to the advance of the Q's P, as this would have given White the better game.

(b) P to K 5 would have been bad play, as Black would then have moved the K to R 4, followed by P to Q 5, with an excellent position.

(c) A very good move, which might have proved dangerous had White omitted to make the proper reply.

(d) The only correct move. Had White played P to K 3, or K to K sq, Black would have gained, at least, a Pawn by playing Q to her Kt 5, &c.

(e) Had White played P to K 3, Black would have drawn the game by perpetual check, and if P to Kt 3, Black would have won easily by playing Q to Q 8 (ch), &c.

(f) Very well played; it freed the retreat of White's Queen from a square where she occupied a strong position.

(g) It is obvious that had White captured the Q Kt's P, the loss of a piece would have immediately followed.

(h) This was much better than playing the P to QR 4, as Black would then have moved the Queen to her Kt 5, &c.

(i) Kt taking Kt P instead of the move in the text would have been bad play; Black would have replied with Q to Kt 3, threatening to take the Kt, and, at the same time, improve the position of his Queen.

(j) Correctly played. Had Black preferred Kt to Q 5, White would have replied Q to Kt 3. Black's best move would then have been Kt to B 2, to which White would have answered with Q to QB 8 (ch), regaining the piece with a Pawn ahead and a good position.

On the 14th of July a large muster of the club took place to greet Mr. Morphy with a day's play. That gentleman, however, feeling too unwell for an encounter single-handed, it was resolved to play a game by consultation, and Mr. Morphy and Mr. Mongredien accordingly entered the lists against Herr Lowenthal and Mr. Medley. The game was a dull affair, and was drawn after a couple of hours' play. It was now decided to play a game with three on each side, and the names of six players were written on tickets, the first three drawn to be partners, and to have first move. The three were Messrs. Morphy, Greenway, and George Walker, who had to contend against Messrs. Mongredien, Lowenthal and Medley. The game lasted between five and six hours, and was then abandoned, as below, from the lateness of the hour. A large party of spectators took unusual interest in this very brilliant skirmish.

WHITE. Messrs. M., G. & W.	BLACK. Messrs. M., L. & M.	WHITE. Messrs. M., G. & W.	BLACK. Messrs. M., L. & M.
1 K P 2	K P 2	11 Q Kt 5 (b)	K B P 2
2 K B P 2 (a)	P to P	12 Q Q 5	Kt B 3
3 K B Q 4	Q P 2	13 K Kt K 5	R K 5
4 K B Kt P	K Kt B 3	14 Q B Q 2	Kt K 2
5 K Kt B 3	Kt to B	15 Q B 4	K R B 3
6 P to Kt	Q Kt P	16 Q R K	Q B P 1
7 Q Kt B 3	Q K R 4	17 Kt Q R 4 (c)	Q B Q 2 (d)
8 Q P 2	K B Q 3	18 Kt Q 5	Q B Q 3
9 Q K 2 (ch)	K Q	19 K R B 3	K Kt P 1
10 Castles	K Kt P 2	20 K R Q Kt 3	Q Kt P 1

The game was here left off, each party thinking well of their own position. To us it seems that, as Black are playing in a manner without their Q B and R for the moment, they will never be able to hold their defence when position breaks up. The following is a probable variation, say—

21 Kt Q B 5 to Q 3 P K B 6
22 Kt K B 4 P K B 7 (ch)
23 Kt K P Q Kt K R P
24 Kt Kt Q B P (ch), and we believe that White must win.

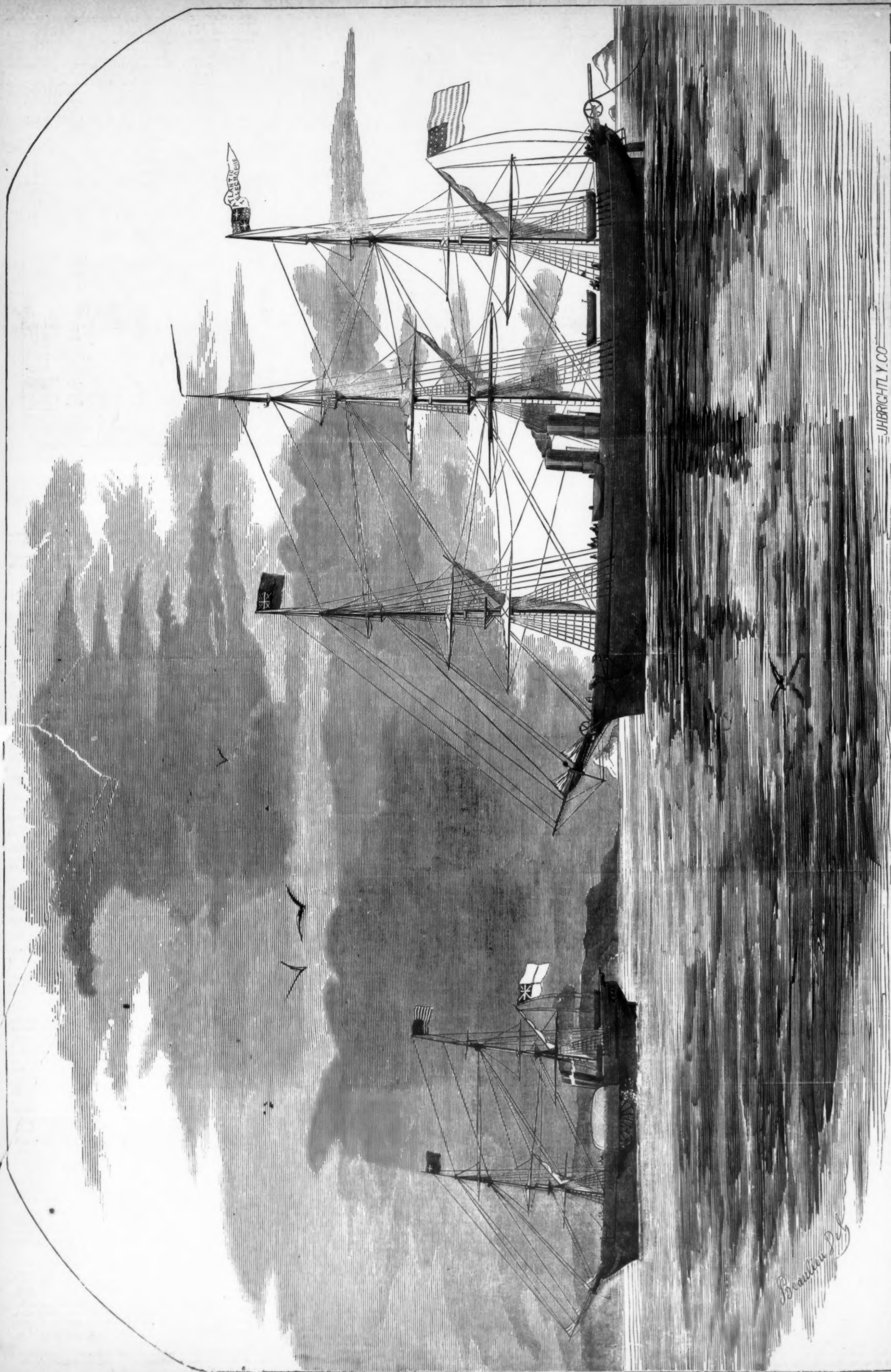
We must add that Chess by consultation is just better than no Chess at all, and that is all we can say in its favor. It saves the self-love of a first-rate player, perhaps, in case of defeat, and certainly promotes social feeling, but is very tiresome and fatiguing, especially when the time for dwelling on a move is not limited. Of course in the above game the parties were on honor not to touch the pieces, and the boards were in separate rooms.

(a) It was unanimously resolved to play the gambit in order to insure an interesting battle.

(b) Bearing upon K Kt P which cannot advance.

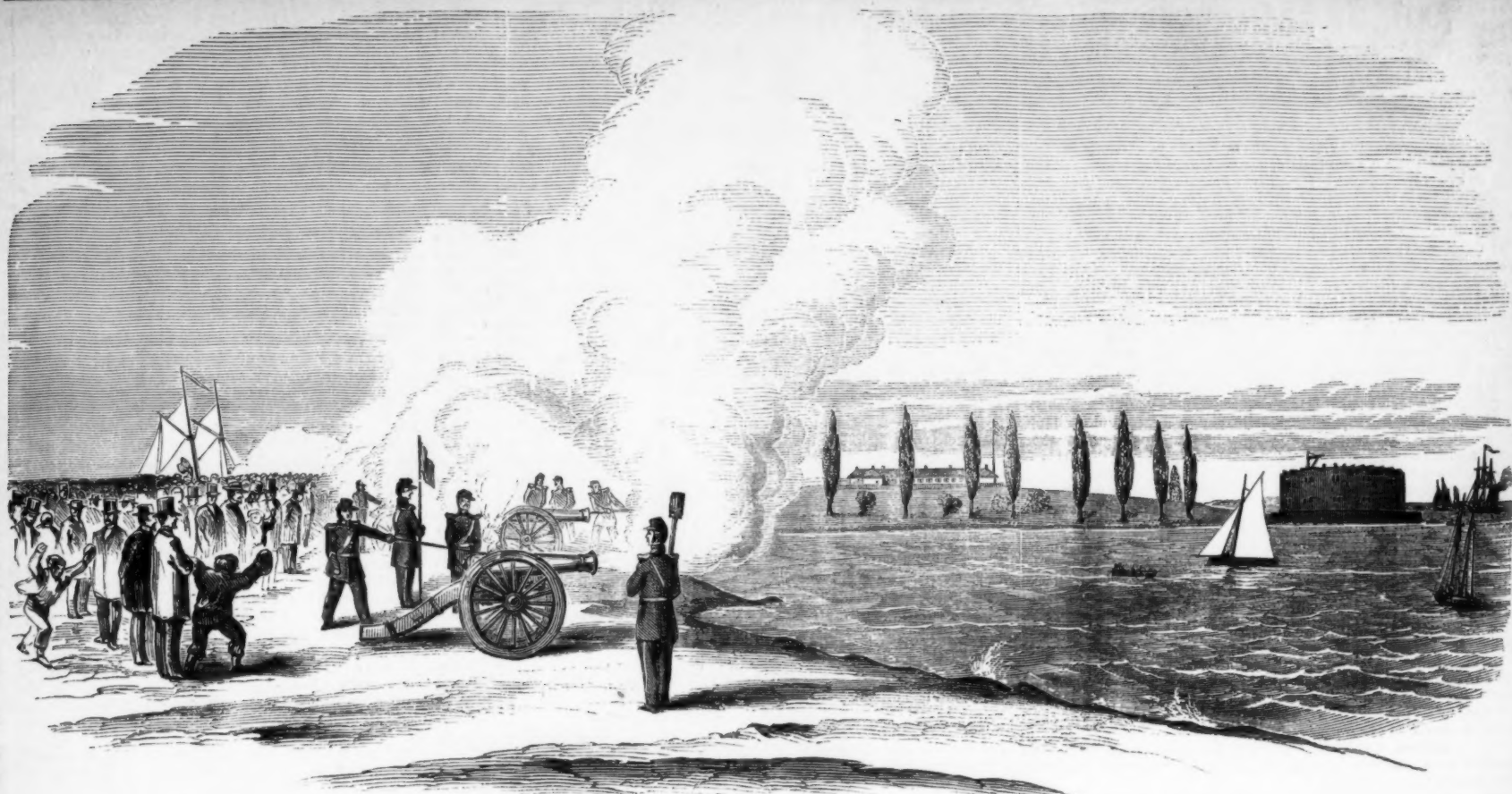
(c) Might, perhaps, be strengthened.

(d) Perhaps rather Q Kt P 1.



J. H. BRIGGILL & CO.

THE NIAGARA AND GORGON SAILING UP TRINITY BAY, NEWFOUNDLAND, AUGUST 4, 1868, ICEBERGS IN THE DISTANCE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT ON BOARD THE NIAGARA.



A DETACHMENT OF THE SCOTT LIFE GUARD FIRING A SALUTE OF 200 GUNS FROM THE BATTERY, N. Y., ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE U. S. FRIGATE NIAGARA.

CHRONICLES OF THE BASTILLE.

A Tale of the Seventeenth Century.

THE BERTAUDIÈRE.

CHAPTER I.—A RELIC OF ANTIQUITY.

READER! If acquainted with Paris, you have, doubtless, oft stayed awhile to consider the numerous relics of antiquity, which, at almost every turn, strike the eye of the stranger.

We refer to the ancient Ville de Paris and its dependencies; the Pré au Clercs, now the site of the Rue Jacob; the Rues St. Denis, St. Martin, du Temple, &c.; the environs of the Louvre; the Bridge of the Tournelle, the Marais, &c., where the enthusiastic admirer of antiquity may wander at will, until his passion is fed to satiety.

On the left bank of the Seine, at the top of a hillock lined on each side with tumble-down houses, stands the Tour St. Geneviève, now incorporated in the Collège Henri Quatre; and opposite the Church of St. Etienne du Mont, within which rest the ashes of St. Geneviève, the patroness saint of Paris. Every year her shrine is visited by hundreds of barefooted pilgrims, who come to lay their offerings at her feet, to burn a wax taper at her altar, and to receive the priests' benediction.

In the Rue St. Jacques is all that remains of the thermal palace of the Emperor Julian; a little further on, the Hotel de Cluny will arrest the notice of the passer-by; then St. Germain des Prés, formerly connected with the Palais des Thermes by a spacious garden and a subterraneous passage; these monuments on the left bank first strike the eye, as peeping out from amidst the more modern masonry, they appear to court the stranger's recognition.

On the right bank, the chaste tower of St. Jacques la Boucherie and the simple church of St. Gervais; on the isle, the majestic Cathedral of Notre Dame de Paris, surmounted by her two proud turrets; these, rising far above the surrounding tenements and buildings, assume over them the superiority of age over youth—like gray sires, contemplating in silence the degeneracy of their children.

With these, the principal landmarks of bygone days, others exist, not less remarkable, because less conspicuous, nor less worthy a moment's attention for having hitherto stood partially neglected—unobserved perhaps—or even unremembered.

On the left hand side of the Rue St. Denis, fronting the Market of the Innocents and almost immediately opposite the Rue de la Ferronnerie, stand the relics of a mansion, the real origin of which, to borrow a French metaphor, "is lost in the night of time."

It consists of four stories or flats, terminating in an angle at the summit; the windows, four on each story, were formerly latticed, but have been superseded by windows à la guillotine; these, now black and dirty, are, like the façade, ornamented with imitative roses and lilies in relief; perhaps a compliment paid by the gallant, imaginative architect, to the complexion of his regal employer's mistress. These again are diversified with fruits and flowers, from amongst which peep slyly forth sundry diminutive faces, whose visual vagaries were probably intended as emblematical of the caprices of the child-god.

At the time our story commences it formed the *cabinet noir* of Monsieur D'Argenson, lieutenant of the police of His Most Christian Majesty Louis XIV., being a dependency of the Hotel de Ville. The apartment in which he sat was spacious and lofty; the ceiling of oak, elaborately wrought into Gorgonic heads and mythologic figures, formed a dome, of which the supporters or ribs, also of oak, represented serpents issuing from wreaths of flowers and leaves, merging into a large rosace in the centre; the carved oaken-pannelled wainscot, although dilapidated, still offered ample evidence of past elegance; a portion of it, on each side of the fireplace, was partitioned off into closets let into the wall, the doors of which, partially open, disclosed huge piles of grim and dusty papers, bound together with broad black ribbon. In guise of seats, several large chests were placed around the room, all of which contained similar piles of papers, interspersed with ledger-looking books, closed by massive brazen clasps. The floor, once highly polished, was constructed of Vandykes of oak-panelling; two recesses, reaching from the ceiling to the ground, contained each a window of corresponding dimensions, black with smoke and dust, and concealed by huge folds of drapery once of a deep purple color, but now effectually screened from observation by a thick crust of cobweb. But one single chair—an oaken arm-chair—with a high carved back and ponderous legs, terminated by lion's claws, graced the apartment, and

in that sat D'Argenson before a large table, likewise of oak, curiously fashioned, and covered with papers, books and implements for writing. A huge pair of petronels, ready cocked, lay by his side, ready for either hand.

Immersed in his arm-chair, his head scarcely appearing above the level of the table, D'Argenson sat examining some letters, occasionally referring to one of the ledgers, and making annotations against the names of suspected citizens of the capital. It was eleven at night, an hour he devoted to the inspection of the reports of the secret police, and, as necessity sometimes required, to give audience to a few of its members. Ever and anon his dark gray eyes kindled with a demoniacal expression of delight, as, throwing aside a perused letter, he marked out a new victim in his Book of Reports. The flickering light from the lamp over his head brought out the lines of his large high forehead and of his repulsive features, and lent him that hideous look which had gained him amongst the people the nickname of D'Argenson the Demon.

Such was D'Argenson. He was about terminating his nocturnal labors when his privacy was interrupted by loud knock, which immediately preceded the abrupt entry of a man whom he instantly addressed.

"So, so! 'Sieur Jacques! thou art acting the sluggard! *Ventre-bleu!* Hast aught in thy budget?"

The new comer, apparently about thirty years of age, stood upwards of six feet. His broad shoulders and thick neck, for he wore no neckerchief, indicated immense strength, whilst his meagreness was perhaps an evident proof that it was frequently called into exertion. His features, although hard and strongly marked, were not repulsive. His hair was cropped close, à la malcontent (round-head), a style admirably adapted for setting off his fine head and front, which bespoke an intelligence yet uncrushed by servility to

the noblesse; his eyes flashed with the fire of independence, a sentiment little known in those days of despotism. His dress, that of an Auvergnat mountaineer, consisting of a close jerkin, with hose and gaiters of coarse dark gray cloth, was partially concealed beneath the folds of a huge cloak (once a trooper's), carelessly cast ha over one shoulder.

"No news, monseigneur! Nothing! But I am no 'luggard. There was nothing stirring."

D'Argenson fixed his ferret-eyes on the spy, ejaculating, *vas* his custom, sundry oaths and epithets expressive of dissatisfaction, in the midst of which he was interrupted by Jacques,

"Come, come, monseigneur. Fortune will favor me, per another time. There was no news, although I kept both my ears open."

"*Ventre-bleu!*" exclaimed D'Argenson, "thou shalt soon be neither if thou comest often hither to open thy mouth only to a for hire. If thou art too modest to claim thy deserts, thou shalt find me slow to remember them."

"Monseigneur is too kind," retorted Jacques; "but if he would remember them only when they are payable in coin!"

The lieutenant's avarice was proverbial, and Jacques' knowledge of his failing produced this satirical retort. It caused a distortion of the lieutenant's rigid features, who, handing the man a piece of gold, added by way of encouragement,

"Be as sharp upon others, 'Sieur Jacques, as thou art upon me, and, *sang dieu!* thou shalt have one of these every—;" here he stopped short, probably fearing to commit some unpardonable indiscretion.

"Ah, monseigneur!" remonstrated the spy, looking contemptuously upon the coin in his palm, "this is very little! very little indeed, when you consider the rudeness of the trade."

"Thou art well paid, say! clown that thou art! *Morbleu!* must I give thee a gold Louis every time thou comest hither to whine about the rudeness of the trade? Thou hast robbed me of two Louis-d'or this night."

"And his majesty's treasury of four," ejaculated Jacques, half aside, as, depositing the coins in his pocket, he made towards the door. Ere he reached it, however, he turned abruptly about, and exclaimed, whilst a scarcely perceptible smile came across his mouth, "I forgot, monseigneur! I have seen that capuchin again!"

"Ah! where?" responded D'Argenson, his eyes kindling with sudden animation.

Jacques' coolness appeared to increase in precisely the same ratio with his employer's warmth; for, nothing moved by the hasty manner of D'Argenson, he paused a few minutes before he answered him:

"'Tis diamond cut diamond, monseigneur! My information is surely worth something!"

"The pillory—the prison—rascal, villain!" screamed the lieutenant, enraged at being thus circumvented. "Out of my sight! I'll not give thee another farthing; I have already paid thee!"

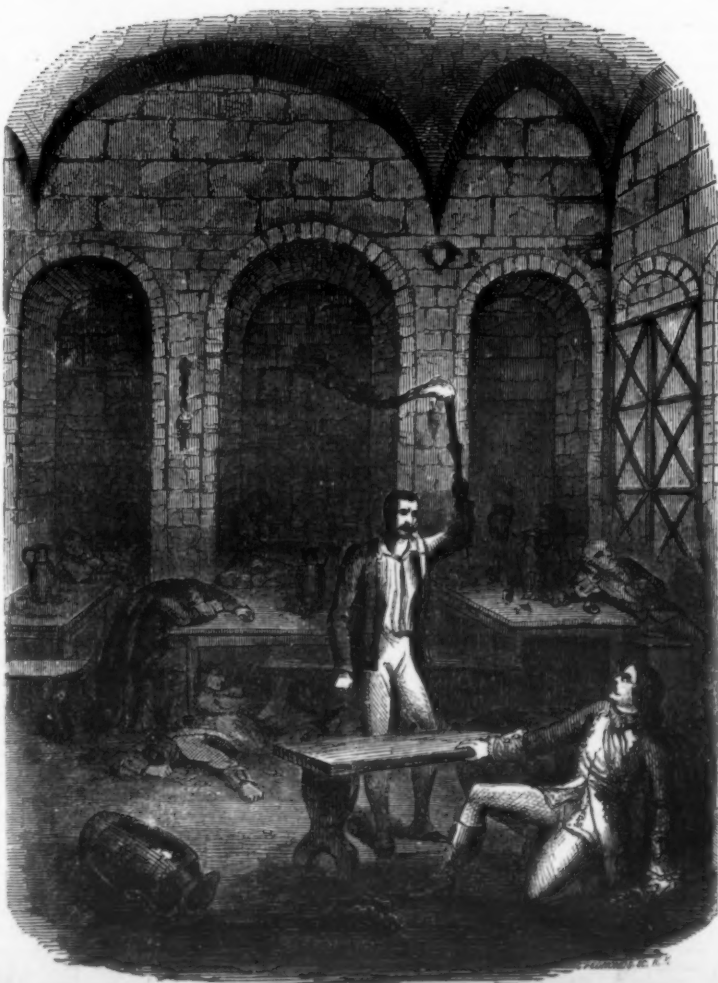
"For old work, monseigneur! But, as you please. The information may be acceptable in another quarter; yet for five Louis you may know as much as I do;" and he laid particular stress upon the last words.

It may on first thought appear strange, Jacques being one of the secret-police spies who were in the immediate pay of the lieutenant, that the latter should not have forced his subordinate to comply with his demand, and to disclose the intelligence. Jacques, however, was not one of those who, for a stated sum per diem, divulged the affairs of individuals into whose privacy they treacherously ingratiated themselves, for the express purpose of filling up the reports of the lieutenant of police with the details thus obtained, and of wresting the confidence of an unguarded moment to the destruction or to the annoyance of their unsuspecting victims. These, indeed, deserved the epithet of *mouchards*; than which, even to the present day, there is no name more odious can be applied to a Frenchman.

In the present instance, Monsieur D'Argenson's irascibility completely obtained the mastery over his judgment. Jacques' hint served to open his eyes to the fault he had committed, and to the influence his menial could exercise over him. Ashamed of his weakness, eager to obtain the intelligence the spy evidently possessed, and still averse to let him perceive his object, for a few minutes the lieutenant of police remained absorbed in reflection.

Controlling the discontent expressed in his features, as though ashamed of humbling himself before his inferior, he said to him, extenuatingly,

"Jacques! Jacques! Thou knowest well I abhor contradiction; that it makes me rage, *ventre-bleu!* Thou



A CELL IN THE OLD BASTILLE.

art a good and worthy agent, or thy temerity should meet its recompense. I care not for thy price, so thou givest me the information thou keepest so close within thy teeth. Speak, Jacques, speak first, and then—"

Here he met the piercing eye of Jacques, which quailed not before his own stern, astute gaze. His right hand still extended, Jacques murmured,

"Money down, monseigneur."

D'Argenson reluctantly handed the agent the sum demanded, not without perceptible symptoms of distrust, growling out,

"Be brief, Jacques, be brief—*sang dieu*!"

The spy took the coins, deliberately examined each separately, and then depositing them safely in his pocket, began:

"Well, monseigneur! The capuchin was close by the Convent of the Carmelites; being marked, I was about concealing myself to ascertain his business. Before I could get well away he was upon me, and ere I recovered from my surprise, said to me, 'Sieur Jacques, thou art a knave, and so is thy employer!'"

"Insolent fool!" ejaculated D'Argenson. "Didst note him well, Jacques?"

"Monseigneur, it is not often your capuchin uncovers; least of all when he wishes to remain unknown! His cowl served him well on this occasion."

"Didst not then see his face, Jacques? *entre bleu*!"

"Nought but his hand, which held out to mine a golden louis, monseigneur. 'Tis seldom your capuchins are prodigal of their coin, although there never was gold better employed than this of the capuchin's."

"The capuchin did thee no wrong, Jacques, in calling thee knave! But no shaven crown shall beard the lieutenant of the king, *tonnerre dieu*! Didst mark whither he went?"

"Into the convent, *sieur lieutenant*."

A flush deepened the yellowness of D'Argenson's face as he replied,

"What avails it to thee, clown, my errand to the convent?"

"Monseigneur should know," observed Jacques, looking steadily into the lieutenant's troubled face, "that the convent has more doors than one!"

"Jacques," said D'Argenson, after a moment's pause, "thou must see the face of this capuchin. He is no shrive sinner, else should I know him."

"I am at monseigneur's disposal," responded Jacques, "who shall have no reason to complain of my inactivity, if—"

"I understand thee," interrupted D'Argenson, "his gold thou wouldst have, and gold thou shalt have when thou hast uncowed the capuchin."

Jacques, drawing himself up to his full height, leisurely eyed the diminutive being before him, apparently moved by some sudden and indescribable feeling. The movement did not escape D'Argenson, who, quick as his suspicion, laid his right hand on the pistol by his side, as though afraid of some violence on the part of the spy.

As Jacques disappeared, D'Argenson arose, his distended eyes fixed upon the scarcely closed door, as though yet unconscious of being alone. He then commenced a kind of oscillatory promenade, occasionally stopping short in the midst of it, and breaking forth into a monologue which betrayed the agitation of his mind, whilst his deep-set, gray eyes sparkled with malignity.

"...art no capuchin! Then to suspect my errand! Jacques thou art indeed a knave, but thou playest it against me to thy cost. Fool that I was to betray myself to him! But I will unravel the mystery myself."

Monsieur D'Argenson, with good reason, suspected the candor of an emissary. Too cunning not to be alive to every shade of deception, he found that Jacques' answers had been more evasive than he first suspected, and that his own agent had craftily inveigled him to an avowal respecting his visits to the Convent of the Carmelites, the motives of which he had every reason for concealing. Jacques' tale, although plausible and possibly true, might, nevertheless, be only an invention devised by its author for the purpose of eliciting from him such an unwary acknowledgment as was calculated to serve the ends of his spy's intriguing spirit. Ever suspicious—as are all dishonest men—he wrought himself up until his surmises assumed the character of truths, and until he fancied he could trace plots against himself, the accomplishment of which was to be effected by Jacques.

The chimes of the Church of St. Mary awakened him from his sombre dreams; as he again paced the dreary chamber, his heart grew big within him at the prospect his malignity had created of satisfying his ambition and his revenge.

Having, with careful hand, collected the papers, letters and books on the table, and placed them in one of the closets, he double-locked them all, and deposited the keys in one of the iron chests. Then trying each lock a second time to assure himself of its security, he muffled himself up in his damp cloak, and slouching his hat over his eyes, left his bureau as St. Mary's chimed half-past twelve. Gliding through the back streets of the Rue St. Denis, St. Martin and the Temple, he wended his way towards the Convent of the Sœurs de la Madeleine de Tranel, in the Rue Charonne, a short distance from the Bastille St. Antoine.

CHAPTER II.—EXEMPLIFIES THE FRENCH PROVERB: "TIS NOT THE HABIT MAKES THE MONK."

TOWARDS the close of the seventeenth century, the date of our tale, the scene of the incidents related in this chapter was altogether so different from the same spot at this day that it is not possible to recognize it for the same. The prolongation of its streets into faubourgs and the consequent removal of its barriers have constituted the Paris of that period the Paris of the present, minus a considerable portion of its ancient filth and ruggedness. The revolution, too, has effaced many a hallowed spot, and visited some of the quarters with a double portion of its vengeance, perhaps none more so than where a religious house was known to exist. It was in the neighborhood of the Convent of the Carmelites that the following events took place, on the evening before the interview of Jacques with Monsieur D'Argenson.

At the top of the Rue d'Enfer, opposite the spot which the Royal Observatory now occupies, and adjoining the garden wall of the Convent of the Grande Chartreuse, although detached from it, stood a small house, before which paced an individual whom the reader will probably recognize.

He was enveloped in a frock and cowl of brown serge, the latter appendage covering his head so as entirely to conceal his features. If his dress bespoke him to be a member of the ecclesiastical body, it was not long ere he gave signs that his inward man possessed not that particular virtue which ought to be the consolation of the worthy functionaries of religion under "long suffering;" whilst certain anxious glances in the direction of the latticed window over against him, indicated that, in spite of his habit, he had not renounced the "lusts of the flesh."

The night was cold and misty, and so dark withal, that proximate objects were scarcely perceptible. His pendulum-like promenade had lasted nearly an hour, when the Bourdon (Tom Bell) of Notre Dame boomed midnight, and he exclaimed,

"Then he has not been here to-night! Curses on those who warned him!"

His soliloquy was interrupted by a noise at the casement, which caused him to start involuntarily; he hastened to conceal himself beneath the low balcony; the casement slowly opening, two female voices were heard conversing in a half-whisper.

"Indeed, Julie, thou wrongest him. True the night is cold and damp, but was not that night colder on which he waded the Erdre, that he might share thy company earlier? Something hath detained him."

"I should believe thee, Jeanne, for thy words are the echo of my heart's wish, that it were so."

"Fie! fie! dear Julie. Thou dost not doubt him?"

"Doubt him? Nay! but he never failed before, and thou knowest not, good Jeanne, what it is to—expect—and to be disappointed!"

"Ah well!" sighed Jeanne, "they say love maketh the heart tremble—but sister, I do think it maketh thy knees tremble too! Let us in, for I am cold."

"Wilt thou not still be my own dear Jeanne? and who knows but thou may'st be betrothed too, and perhaps ere long? What hast thou done with the ring he gave me?"

"I have it on my finger! And remember, sister Julie, thou hast lost thy wager, for it fits me perfectly, and thou didst say thy hand was less than mine! I will keep it on, and show it to thy lover, to punish thy vanity."

"No, no, Jeanne! Return it, I beseech thee. It bodes me ill that thou should'st—"

"Hush!" interrupted Jeanne, "I hear a noise beneath us! Hark!" and stepping out on the balcony, she peeped over, and perceived the capuchin! "Back! back, sister Julie!" she whispered; "here is thy runaway, listening to our idle tongues, like a spy of Monsieur D'Argenson!"

So saying, she gently pushed her sister back into the apartment, following her in, and half closing the casement.

The capuchin, although immediately beneath the balcony, had not heard more than the name of D'Argenson, and a few broken sentences, of which his utmost ingenuity could not connect the sense. But the name of the king's lieutenant, mentioned by damsels, one of whom had evidently been expecting a lover, roused his jealous ire, and led him to believe the truth of the reports which raised D'Argenson's name for success in gallantry to most notorious celebrity.

"Tired of waiting, eh?" said he to himself; "let us see whether thy ears are as quick as thy suspicions;" and catching up a handful of small gravel, he cast it up at the window. This signal, however, produced no answer until it had been thrice repeated, when the voice of Jeanne was heard through the half-closed casement:

"Be not afraid, sister; 'tis only some drunken roisterer who mistakes our house for a cabaret. I'll see and speak to him; he will go his way at the bidding of a gentlewoman;" and she stepped out upon the balcony. "Eh! what! a capuchin! Fie on thy intemperance, thou man of holiness; thou hast kept late companionship with the wine-bibbers, and lookest up for the wine-bush, instead of turning thine eyes to the Virgin for forgiveness. Get thee gone, and disturb not the midnight sleep of weary damsels."

"Thou mistakest my errand, fair one," responded the capuchin, in a whisper, the better to disguise his voice; "but to please thee I'll say that I sought the wine-bush, but found the Virgin in its place; *ave Maria*!"

"Tush! tush! and keep thy *aves* for the cloister; thy devotion is thrown away, for thy saint is not merciful to-night, and bids thee away to thy couch."

"Would that 'twere blest with thee," replied the capuchin, aloud, as with a spring he attained the corner of the balcony, and seized the hand of the affrighted Jeanne, ere she was aware of the movement, or had time to retire.

Making a violent effort to disengage her hand and to retreat into the apartment, she exclaimed, "Back, sister Julie! 'Tis not he; 'tis some miscreant who has taken unworthy advantage of our loneliness. Gracious Heaven! I cannot get my hand away;" but with another struggle she succeeded in effecting her object, and sprang back into the chamber, immediately fastening the espagnolette, to prevent the intrusion of the stranger.

Julie, half unconscious of her own movements, had, on hearing Jeanne's warning, retreated into the furthest corner of the apartment, where she sunk, half dead with consternation, into an easy-chair. Her sister soon joined her, and they both remained petrified with terror, until the receding steps of their unexpected visitor, resounding over the pavement, brought back the blood into their cheeks.

Their first impulse was to throw themselves into each other's arms; a flood of tears relieved their oppression, and Julie began, "Thy teeth chatter with cold and fear; but there is no danger now; he is gone, the monster!"

"And thou, sister, tremblest too! It was my imprudence that well nigh cost us so dearly!"

"'Twas for me thou didst risk thee on the balcony, good Jeanne, but then who would have thought—"

She was interrupted by a faint scream from her sister, who, again bursting into tears, sobbed out, "Forgive me, sister Julie, forgive me! 'Twas not my fault—but—he has taken it away!" and she held out the right hand, on which no longer shone the ring of her sister's betrothal.

"Merciful Heavens! what a misfortune!" exclaimed the weeping Julie. "I told thee it boded no good! But I will tell him how it happened, and he will believe me; I know he will! There, there! dear sister, dry thy tears," here she kissed her fondly; "I will not see thee weep!"

Jeanne in turn embraced Julie, and led her away into an inner apartment, whence she shortly returned; having again examined the casement and listened at it attentively for a few minutes, she withdrew into her sister's chamber.

Embarrassed by his frock, the capuchin had not been able to advance further than the outer cornice of the balcony, where his unsafe footing perhaps proved the best defence of Jeanne. In disengaging herself from his relaxed grasp, she caused him to lose his balance, and but for the firm hold he kept with his left hand on the front bar of the balcony, he would have fallen to the ground. During the short interval of the struggle, he had obtained a glimpse of her features, on which the night-lamp in the inner chamber cast its dull light, and perceiving by the touch the ring on her finger, contrived to draw it off, in the hopes of one day having an opportunity of returning it, or of making it serve as an instrument to accomplish the design he had conceived.

"Curses on the cowl and all who wear it," muttered he; "but for this infernal petticoat, I had obtained entry to the chamber of the fairest maiden of this fair city. Thanks, however, to my address," he continued, as he again touched *terra firma*. "I possess a token; and if I turn it not to account against that same fair maiden, I renounce gallantry for ever. Cursed D'Argenson! I will still be in thy path," and bounding over the rugged stones, he was soon out of the Rue d'Enfer, and proceeding at a rapid pace in the direction of the Louvre. But ere he had got over the bridge an individual darted out from the doorway of one of the cabins or stalls with which it was covered at that period, and standing in his path, exclaimed, directing the point of a small sword toward his breast—"Thy purse!"

Taken by surprise, the capuchin retreated a few paces, but suddenly stopping short in his backward movement, drew himself up, and with a degree of firmness which surprised his assailant, answered,

"Thou shalt not have it, brigand!" then, rapidly disengaging a sword from beneath the folds of his garment, he closed with his adversary.

The struggle was not of long duration; his weapon snapped in twain, and the point of his opponent's was already close to his breast, when a third individual created a sudden diversion in his favor.

Pouncing upon his aggressor from behind, and pinioning his arms, he exclaimed, "Fly, *sieur capuchin*! Fly! The road is clear!" advice the individual thus addressed was not slow to follow; in a few minutes he was out of sight. Dashing his captive to the ground, the stranger caught up the remnants of the capuchin's sword, and disappeared after him.

Recovered from his astonishment and consternation, at this unexpected attack, the discomfited aggressor looked about for the man who had so roughly assailed him; he was nowhere to be seen.

"Curiously unlucky, that interference," exclaimed he, "and a most ugly fall." Here he rubbed his limbs with unequivocal symptoms of pain. "Peste upon the scoundrel's charity! A moment longer, and he might have cried halves with me, for your capuchin's doublet is always well lined."

Ending his soliloquy as he adjusted his vestments, and sheathed his sword, he was about leaving the spot, when he made a sudden plunge at some object on the ground:

"By Jupiter! Not such a bad affair after all. The bird has flown, but left his best feathers behind! The prize is mine, at the cost of a few bruises instead of a few inches of Toledo." So saying, he thrust his booty into his doublet, and walked leisurely on, until he arrived at a house, situated at the corner of the Rue Traversière; giving a loud knock at the door, he was instantly admitted by a servant in livery, who saluted him respectfully as he passed. Without throwing off his cloak, he mounted a well-polished flight of stairs, and unceremoniously entered a large room, occupied by a company of young men, who, on perceiving him, sent up a shout of welcome.

"Here's St. Marcel at last, my boys; an hour behind time," said he who officiated at the head of a well-furnished table. "A bumper to his arrival. I warrant he has been out on some love freak, and preferred letting a good supper cool, rather than lose his mistress."

A general laugh honored this sally; a faint smile illuminated the visage of St. Marcel, whose appearance denoted him to be anything but a midnight robber.

He was about the middle height; rather too thick-set to be accounted elegant. His face, manly and not unpleasant, would have been even handsome, except for its disfigurement by debauch. A keen, dark eye glanced from beneath a pair of thick, arched eyebrows; and jet-black moustaches, which he constantly twisted upwards, imparted a character of ferocity to his countenance that it did not naturally possess.

Throwing off his hat and cloak, he bowed to the principal personage, and seating himself in the vacant place pre-assigned to him, swallowed the contents of a huge goblet; this feat performed, he replenished his exhausted lungs, and exclaimed,

"You are all out. Something better detained me!"

"Bravo! bravo! Out with it!" responded from every side.

"The best adventure in the world," continued he, helping himself plentifully to a goose-liver patty; "the most piquant adventure. What think ye all of St. Marcel turning cut-purse?"

"Ah ha!" re-echoed the jovial company.

"We shall have thee turn Jesuit next," observed he at the head of the table; "the proverb says that when the devil grows old, he turns monk!"

"No! no!" retorted St. Marcel; "but I gave one such a fright to-night as will serve him 'stead of penance for twenty peccadilloes. On my way hither the devil crossed my path in the form of a capuchin friar, laden, as I guessed, with Peter's pence."

The room pealed with hearty laughter as he recounted the details of his adventure.

The president, infringing the rules of decorum, laughed in his glass, nor ceased until he had tittered down three goblets of Burgundy, and filled a fourth against the next emergency. At length finding breath he ejaculated, "Ouf! the frolicsome scamp. And yet I can't conceive—the capuchin was armed, saidst thou, St. Marcel?"

"Yes! and I do think I should have been forced to prick him," retorted St. Marcel, "only my friend behind saved me the trouble; although, to be sure, it cost me a bruise or two."

"I doubt he was some masquer, thy capuchin," observed a second speaker to the left of the president; "'tis carnival time, and be sure thy holy man was as great a sinner as thyself, Marcel, or my name is not my sire's."

"Come," continued St. Marcel, "let us make merry, and after supper try fortune for the contents of the capuchin's purse."

The repast was now speedily brought to a close, fresh wine ordered up, and the dice began rattling on the board.

The company consisted of ten persons, belonging to the elegant noblesse of France, and were attired in the becoming military garb of the musketeers of the king. It would be unnecessary to describe each guest individually; he, however, who officiated as president ought to be mentioned.

He was short and thick, of a rubicund visage, with a jovial, good-natured countenance, spoiled by an unsightly scar over the left eye, which made him keep it partly closed. His hair, Danish red, was crisp and curly, and grew high off a manly, open brow. By a singular contrast, his eyes, or rather his eye and a half, were coal black, tiny and sparkling, and their expression, joined to the effect of a face closely shaven, except on the upper lip and chin, where grew a pair of immense moustaches, and a pointed patch of hair, known by the name of *royale*, gave a peculiar and rather repugnant appearance to a physiognomy which had not one repulsive feature in it.

Like most of his company and companions, he was what is called a fast liver. Compelled to keep up the dignity of his rank, which was nothing less than commandant of the Grand Monarque's Body Guard, or *Gardes du Corps*, he thought it not beneath his said dignity to turn his private dwelling into a house of entertainment for the convenience of his brother officers and inferiors. From the profits of their extravagances he managed to add something to the small, daily pay of his grateful sovereign, and at the same time to grow obese upon the good things of this life.

Besides this advantage, not an inconsiderable one, considering the expertness of his mandibles, he was a very fortunate, or what amounted to the same, a very expert thrower, seldom failing to pocket a good sum from the many which in the course of one night often changed owners; it was, however, a remarkable circumstance, that once the said monies were safely lodged in his capacious pocket, they evinced a most extraordinary tenacity to remain there.

"Now, Commandant Schwillwein," spoke St. Marcel, "as soon as you have made acquaintance with the bottom of the goblet, I'll throw you for twenty louis; and," continued he, addressing the company, "I'll stake five to one that I fleece Saun-kraut."

This familiar language from St. Marcel to his commandant did not surprise, for at the bacchanals of this period etiquette was seldom observed, military precedence being acknowledged only in public.

The commandant kept his eye and a half fixed upon the speaker from behind his goblet; having discussed which, he answered,

"I have already won so much of thine own money, St. Marcel, I shall feel no compunction in lightening thee of a little of that which is not rightly thine. Come! Here is for the first throw," and taking up the dice he rattled them in the cup.

"Never mind that," retorted St. Marcel, his companions looking on with eagerness; "never mind; first throw!"

The stakes were hazarded by three or four of the group upon the strength of St. Marcel's usual ill-luck; the commandant again rattled the dice and prepared to throw.

"Down with them!" cried out half-a-dozen voices; "down with them, commandant!"

"Two fives and a six!" shouted Schwillwein, uncovering the dice, and slapping his thigh with ecstasy; "two fives and a six! Thy capuchin brings thee ill-luck, St. Marcel, my boy!" and, laughing, he tossed off a bumper.

"Not so fast," replied the latter, throwing down the yet uncovered dice upon the table. "Who doubles his stake?"

"I!—I!—I!" exclaimed as many voices; their owners, depositing the gold on the board, bent forward with intense anxiety to ascertain the result of St. Marcel's throw.

"Commandant," said he, "triple your stake and bet against me. Two fives and a six! You know the chances are in your favor."

"A bet! a bet!" responded the commandant, and staked the sum.

"Two sixes and a five, commandant!" shouted St. Marcel, sweeping up the golden treasure. "Who tries again?"

Schwillwein, a man of great prudence in this kind of dilemma, half moodily declined entering the lists against so formidable an antagonist. Not so the members of the company, some of whom, however, soon discovered, to their cost, that "fortune was to them unkind."

"Tis of no use," sullenly observed he who had thrown last; "tis of no use! St. Marcel is in the winning vein, or else the devil's luck is lodged at the bottom of the capuchin's purse."

At these words a new comer, who had entered unperceived, suddenly started, and thus drew upon him the distracted attention of the revellers.

"St. Leu! Whence comest thou?" asked he who first perceived him. "How long has been here?"

"I have come off guard at the Tuileries," replied St. Leu; "where I took the place of a comrade who fell suddenly sick this evening."

"I drink to thine against his," roared out the commandant; "try a main, and I'll take the odds."

St. Leu observed silence for a few moments amidst the loud entreaties of his friends. At length he said,

"Commandant! You know I never play. I cannot afford to support the reputation of a gamester."

"Never mind! Try thy luck, my boy," retorted the commandant; "I will stake for thee, taking the odds in thy favor."

During this short colloquy St. Marcel had been busily engaged examining the contents of the capuchin's purse. He had perceived the ring, and was coolly and attentively scrutinizing its form and quality by the light of the bougie, when St. Leu caught sight of the small but sparkling diamond which embellished it. He turned pale, and tremblingly approaching St. Marcel, exclaimed in a hurried voice,

"Whence had'st thou that ring?"

St. Marcel turned about to look at his interrogator, and perceiving who he was, replied with a laugh,

"Why, St. Leu! Thou art as pale as the capuchin himself! What interest takest thou in this ring?"

"How camest thou by it?" again demanded St. Leu, in a tone sufficiently peremptory to cause a dead silence. "Tell me, or by heaven—"

"What?" retorted St. Marcel; "what if I will not tell thee? Suppose some fair damsel—"

"Thou liest! Traitor, villain, coward!" roared St. Leu. "She never gave thee that ring!" and in instant his sword was unsheathed.

An exclamation of astonishment burst from every lip.

"Thou shalt have satisfaction," said the commandant to St. Marcel, who, quick as his adversary, had drawn his weapon, and now stood upon the defensive. "The lie! and to thy face; thou must have satisfaction; so please, gentlemen, to give the young bloods room;" and he pushed his guests away, right and left, drew the table out of the way with his own hands—all with the coolness of an old practitioner.

A space being cleared the opponents crossed swords. Both were in reality equally expert, but St. Leu was under the influence of some fixed idea which troubled his eye, and unnerved his arm, and ere he had exchanged a few passes his adversary's steel had traversed his body. Staggering back he exclaimed in a faint voice,

"Marcel! Marcel! Tell me! Did she give it thee?"

"She? Who? No!" replied he; "but thy rashness forestalled my candor, or—"

"Thank heaven," cried St. Leu, "I am happy!" and he fell to the ground.

(To be continued.)

NEVER DESPAIR.

There's gold for the man that will dig it,
And peace for the soul of the seeker—
There's Love's wine for him that will drink it,
O'erflowing the golden-lipped beaker—
There's fame for the brow of the thinker,
If he'll work and struggle to win it—
Every care-cloud that tides o'er the future
May prison rich blessings within it.

There's a home for the son of gaunt sorrow,
A rest for the worn out and weary,
A hope for the pallid despairing,
A light o'er each path that is dreary;
There's no wave so dark but the summit
Will break into snowy-like whiteness—
There's no cloud so black in the heavens
But has some rich, folded-up brightness.

'Tis hard to wade through the sea of sorrow,
Unseeing the shore that we seek—
'Tis dismal to look for hope,
When black veils of doubt hang o'er the event;
But Faith's hand can lift up the mountains
And give to us riches supernatural—
She points to the land of the prophets,
The land of the blessed Eternal.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1888, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

GOLD AND GLITTER;

OR,
THE ADVENTURES OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

Written Expressly for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.
BY ORLANDO LANG.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—THE DEAD ALIVE.

As I draw near to the catastrophe, it is necessary that I weave together the warp and woof of my story. A strand is picked up here, another to be gathered in there; so that as the end approaches, I may be able to hasten on and not delay you with explanations, which, however requisite for a proper understanding of events, are by no means agreeable when the result is in view.

I return once more to Ralph.

Not many minutes had elapsed after he finally sank beneath the deadly vapor that filled his cell, before Gerald Marston made his appearance, and demanded admission to him.

"He won't see no more visitors to-day," the officer having charge of the corridor said. "It's his own request, so you can't go in."

"But I must," Gerald persisted. "I am his counsellor, and he could have issued no such orders in regard to me."

"Didn't make no exceptions of no one. It's only five minutes ago an old woman was here looking after him, said she loved him as a son, and all that sort of stuff; but I turned her off—wouldn't let her enter the corridor even."

"What woman was it?"

"Don't know—looked as though she might be the devil's grandam. She begged so hard just to have a look at the boy, that I came near relenting; but Mr. Harley's orders were positive, so I turned her off."

"Mr. Harley's orders?"

"Yes, Mr. Harley's orders. Is there anything strange in that?"

"If you are acting on that man's instructions, admit me at once to the prisoner. I demand it as his lawyer."

"It's past the hour."

"All hours are legal for me."

"I'm not sure of that."

Gerald commenced to see what was needed. He looked about;

no one was very near, so he took a gold coin from his pocket, and slipped it into the officer's hand.

The faithful guardian of the public peace smiled benignly, and stepping graciously to one side, remarked, with singular resignation,

"Well, I suppose it's hardly fair to keep a feller's lawyer out, and probably he didn't mean you to be excluded."

"Probably not," Gerald said as he passed on, and then he paused a moment while the turnkey unlocked the door.

The portal turned on its great iron hinges, and as it did so, a faint but stifling odor filled the corridor.

It had grown quite dark now, and only a dim light illumined the corridor in the cell; all was darkness and silence. It seemed to Gerald as though he stood at the portal of some gloomy vault.

"What is the meaning of this strange sickening odor?" he asked, in a low voice. "I grow faint. Can it come from the cell, think you?"

"No, certainly not," the officer replied, though his tone showed plainly that he knew to the contrary. The perfume was not strange to him; he had encountered it before when summoned in to attend sudden deaths occasionally, and he commenced to tremble for the consequences of his conduct in leaving the prisoner so long alone, for he had not even allowed his supper to be taken to him.

"Ralph—Ralph, I say!" Gerald called.

No answer—not a sound.

Really alarmed, he groped his way into the cell, but by this time the turnkey had procured a lamp, with which he followed Marston into the apartment.

As they passed in, all doubts as to whence the odor proceeded were solved, for it became so oppressive that they could with difficulty draw their breath.

A cry of horror escaped Gerald as his eyes, after wandering around the cell, rested upon the corner of the room nearest the bed. There lay the body of Ralph Forrester, still and motionless.

He seized the lamp, and approaching it, knelt on one knee.

"Great Heaven, but this is terrible!" he said, with suspended breath. "Who can explain this?"

"That I can," the officer replied, "to my sorrow. See here!" and he gathered up the fragments of the shattered phial, and only added the two words, "Prussic acid!"

"Prussic acid!" Gerald repeated, mechanically, and then placing the lamp on the floor, he bent over the body and placed his hand on the white brow.

He started as though an electric shock had passed through him. "He is not dead!" he cried. "Quick, a physician; don't lose the fraction of a second. He is warm and moist, and I feel a faint palpitation of the heart!"

Without an instant's delay the officer sent one of his comrades for a doctor, and then assisted Gerald to remove Ralph from the poisoned atmosphere. They carried him carefully to the keeper's room, and laid him upon a couch; and although he seemed wholly unconscious of what was going on, he showed unmistakable signs that the spark of life was not extinct.

"If he dies, you and William Harley, between you, shall answer for it," Marston said in an excited tone to the officer. "What right had you to obey the instructions of that arch fiend?"

"In Heaven's name don't speak so loud, you will ruin me," the man said in a whisper.

"Ruin you! I will pursue you to the world's end," Marston answered. He paused in his invective, however, for the physician made his appearance just then, so he turned at once to hear what he would say.

"He is but overcome by the deadly fumes of the drug," the man of medicine said, after feeling the pulse and making such other examinations as the case called for; "unless I am much mistaken none ever passed his lips."

"You can save him then?" Gerald asked.

"Without doubt; a few moments more, however, and it would have been too late."

Then he silently busied himself with his patient, sending for and using such restoratives as were required, until at length Gerald had the intense satisfaction of seeing Ralph slowly unclosed his eyes and look languidly about.

"Where am I?" he asked in a scarce audible voice; "why did they wake me from so bright a dream? I trod on air—the sky was as bright and beautiful as a dream of Heaven, and all I loved surrounded me—all gone now, quite gone, quite gone," and his eyes closed again and he heaved a deep sigh.

"Don't you know me, Ralph?" Marston asked, taking his hand and pressing it in his own.

No reply; he seemed again oblivious to all surroundings.

This did not last long, though, and the next time he opened his eyes he looked deliberately about the apartment from face to face, smiling when he met Gerald's eye, and after a moment's reflection he was perfectly conscious of all that had occurred.

"Thank God! thank God!" he ejaculated with great fervor, "I am alive; I would rather live through an eternity of torture than to have died to-night. My wife, my sister, what would have become of them had the world said, and they have been forced to believe, that I died by my own act?"

"This is Harley's work, then, as I guessed," Gerald said aloud.

"Speak lower," Ralph replied in a whisper. "Remember always that he is May's father; let her never endure the agony of knowing that he sought her husband's life."

Then in a few words Ralph related to Gerald what had occurred. "You cannot tell how absolutely happy I feel," he said in conclusion, "to know that I am alive."

By this time they had prepared another cell for him, better ventilated and furnished quite comfortably, and on being asked if he was well enough to be removed to it he expressed his willingness, and, assisted by Gerald and the physician, rose from the bed on which he had been lying and walked feebly towards the door.

It was late in the evening now, and even the main hall of the prison through which they were obliged to pass was quite dark, and the wind that swept through it in fitful gusts caused the lamps to flare and flicker so much that they scarcely afforded any light.

As they moved along slowly, for Ralph was too feeble to walk fast, and just as they were passing the principal entrance, a man wrapped in a cloak hurried up the steps and was about to pass by them, but happening to turn towards the group a trembling seized him in every limb, the cloak fell from his shoulders down upon the floor, and with fixed eyes but blanched cheek and trembling lip, he gazed upon Ralph as his gaze was never to be turned away again.

Ralph and those who supported him had paused at this interruption, and the officer who carried the lamp held it high up in order to see the features of the intruder. It was William Harley. He had striven hard to overcome the temptation to assure himself that his foe was no more, but it would not be put down, so he had sought the prison on purpose to learn the truth, when lo! his supposed victim stood before him.

For an instant it seemed to him as though the dead had arisen to confront him, for Ralph stood there so deadly white, and with eyes so fixed upon him, but presently he recovered himself, and striving to laugh off his former perturbation, said, "Really this meeting is so unexpected that it may well excuse my want of courtesy. It was to see if I could be of any service to you, Mr. Forrester, that I came here to-night."

Ralph motioned the officers to step aside a moment, and they did so, leaving him with Gerald. "You came here to feast your eyes on my corpse, William Harley," Ralph said, in a low, solemn voice; "but if you have one particle of humanity left in your dark soul, down on your knees, and thank God that you are not a murderer. What has happened rests been Mr. Marston, yourself and myself. I do not spare you, but those that still love you. Now leave me; I can never look upon you except with horror. Go!"

He would have answered, but Ralph waved him off and refused to

listen, then, beckoning the jailor to approach again, continued his way to the cell.

As for Harley, he turned away with bitter curses.

"Foiled again," he muttered, as he gathered up his cloak and hurried from the building. "Thus it is always now. Why could they not let him die? An idiotic jury will acquit him yet, and then I shall indeed become a murderer; for we two cannot live—the world itself is not wide enough to hold us." And continuing his soliloquy in a similar strain, he once more sought the splendid misery of his home.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—THE LAST TEMPTATION.

DAY after day moved on through its allotted space in time, and both prosecution and defence were straining every nerve for a trial in which public interest had become most intense.

Every rumor concerning the prisoner was eagerly caught up, circulated and commented upon by the press, and as a matter of course his attempt at suicide, as it was denominated, had figured in large type in every journal far and wide throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Still Ralph remained hopeful, and the only circumstance which tended to weigh upon his spirits was the absence of his sister.

"Why strive to deceive me, Gerald?" he said one day to his friend, as they conversed together. "Your own anxious countenance discloses your secret. It is not a slight indisposition that detains my sister; either she is grievously ill, or for my sake she braves some great danger."

"Do not question me further, I beg of you," Gerald replied.

"You will know all in time; at present my lips are sealed. Only hope for the best."

"Am I not constantly doing so? You strive kindly to prepare me for the worst all the while, but I do not listen to you. I feel convinced that all will yet be well."

"Heaven grant it."

"Amen, with all my heart."

"The day after to-morrow is set down for the trial."

"I know it."

"If we hear nothing favorable concerning the whereabouts of the Knifer I shall demand a postponement."

"No; that must not be. Leave things now to take their course."

"I cannot. It is my duty to leave no stone unturned to protect you."

"You have toiled already as man never toiled before."

"And accomplished nothing."

Ralph did not reply, he felt the full truth of the remark. He was silent for a moment or two, but at length he said, "I know, Gerald, that everything appears to be against me, and yet I still feel something invisibly buoying me up. I am sure I could not feel so hopeful if destruction was so near."

"I am rejoiced to hear you speak so, for it cheers me. I must leave you now for a little time, for I promised May to bring her here. You will gladly excuse me when I go on such an errand."

"Do not be long. My beloved wife, how nobly she bears all her sore trials! Ah, Gerald, if God gives me life, every moment he grants me shall be devoted to making May happy."

"I do not doubt it."

"I believe that the religion most pleasing to the Great Ruler is that which contributes to the happiness of the creatures he has made. If I am mistaken, as some would fain have me think I am, it is a delusion from which I do not care to awake, and in which I do not fear to die. Farewell; you will return soon?"

"In less than an hour," and they shook hands and parted.

True to his promise, Gerald returned again within an hour, bringing May with him, and when he had conducted her wit the cell he quietly withdrew.

Husband and wife were alone together, and for a time they forgot the great clouds that encompassed them in the joy each in the other's love.

"My beloved," Ralph said, as he encircled her in his arms, do not care sufficiently for yourself. You are pale and thin; let anxiety interfere with health? You must keep up for my sake."

"I am quite well, Ralph, believe me," she answered. "Do think of me, but of yourself."

"Not think of you! then I could not think at all. Not think you! I should not even wish for life did I not daily and momentarily, think of the joy that yet may be ours!"

And he pressed her still closer to his heart, kissing her again and again.

May looked up in the face of her husband, and then cast her eyes hurriedly about the room, as though to assure herself they were alone. Poor child! who would have sought to share that dreary abode with them?

"Ralph," she said at length, in a low whisper, "I saw my father last evening."

"Well?"

"He came to me, and treated me with unusual kindness," May continued, in the same low tone. "And after a short time entreated me to return with him to his home."

"And you consented?"

She looked up at him reproachfully.

"My answer was, what it has been from the first, 'I will never cross a threshold over which my husband is not welcome to follow me!'"

"Noble girl!"

"Your husband shall follow you—shall be welcome," my father answered. "You mock me," I replied, "he is a prisoner, alone and miserable." Then my father drew nearer to me and asked, in a whisper, 'If I would see you free—see you free—the very thought sent such a thrill through my heart, and I gasped for breath and could only say, 'I would give my heart's best blood, drop by drop, to break his chain, and think the purchase cheap.'"

How Ralph's heart yearned to her as she spoke those words, and how earnestly his kisses covered brow and lips.

"My beautiful—my own!" he said, "you forget what musing and woe you would purchase for me should you buy my life at such a cost. What were a universe fifty times as bright and beautiful as this be worth to me without your smile to brighten it? Ah, May! it may be sinful, but my faith in the eternity and glory of Heaven's happiness would all fade did I not know that there our spirits, in their ethereal embodiment, would be for ever and for ever joined."

"They will—they will; but even on earth we may yet be in each other's arms until death takes us to a fairer home."

"What do you mean?"

"My father relents—he will save you."

Ralph looked at her, but shook his head. "What has he said to you?" he asked, however.

"He has promised me that if I can but get you to—to—"

"Nay, don't fear, speak out."

"You will not hate me—will not despise me?"

"Hate you! despise you! Never speak those words again."

"This it is then," she continued, with trembling lips. "He pledges himself to release you from this prison if you will only sign this paper."

She took one from her bosom, and, with some agitation, handed it to her husband.

Ralph took it and read it through and through.

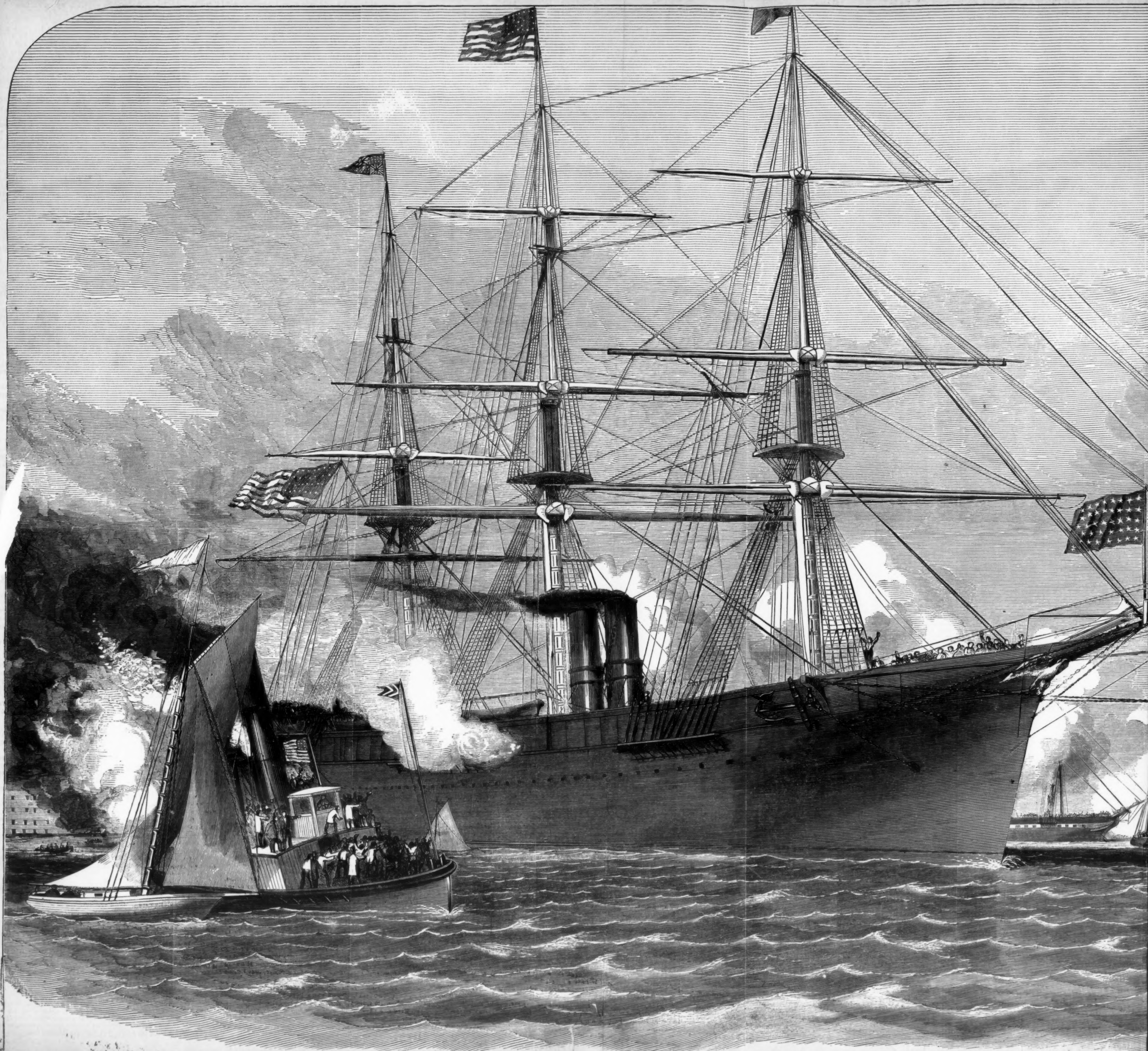
(To be continued.)

A DIFFERENCE IN TASTES.—In the early part of the eighteenth century a farmer was condemned to suffer the extreme penalty of the law for cow stealing. His wife called to see him a few days previous to his execution, to take a last farewell, when she asked him,

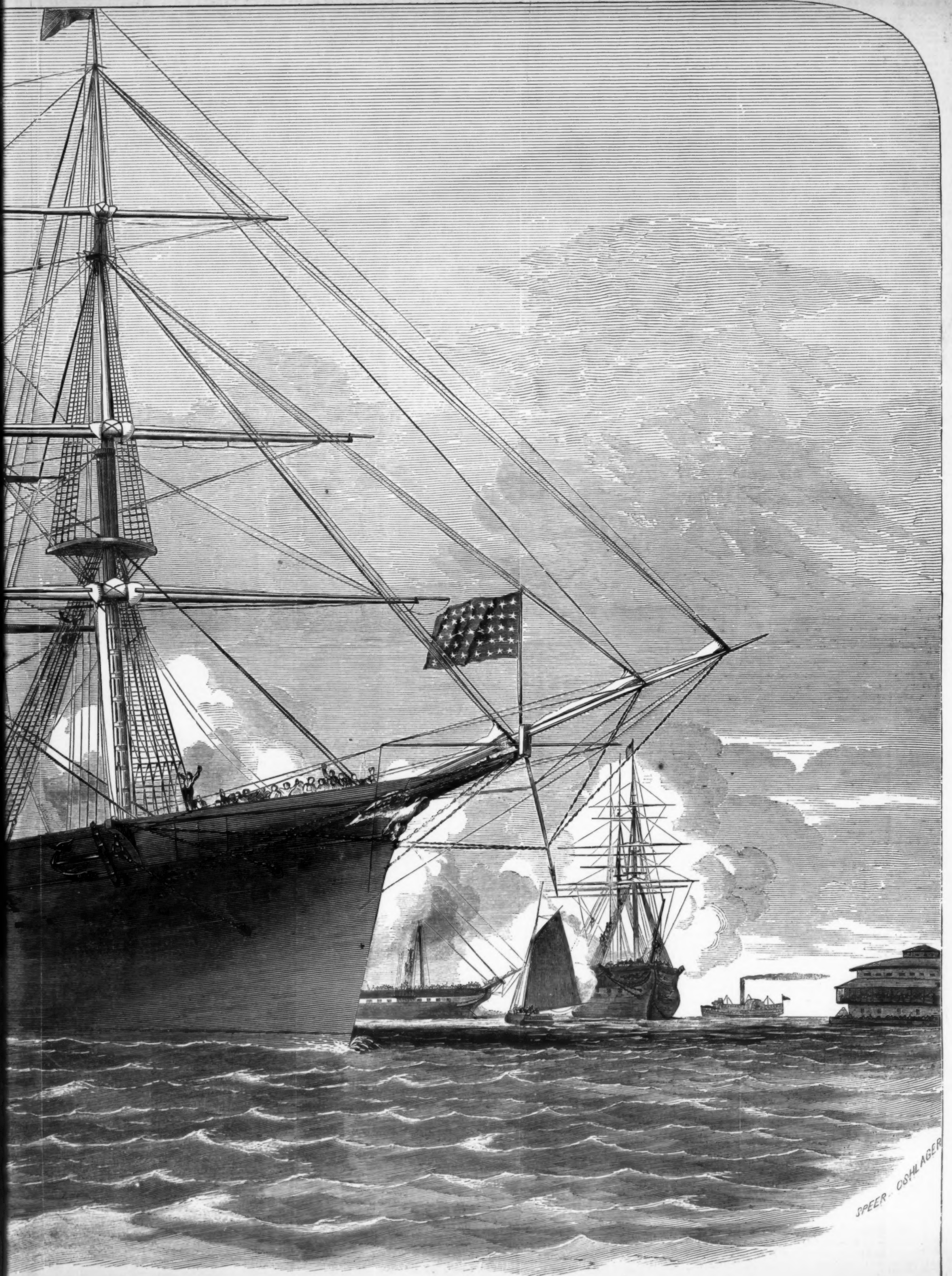
"My dear, would you like the children to see you executed?"

"No," he replied, "what must they come for?"

"That's just like you," said the wife, "you never wanted the children to have any enjoyment!"



THE ARRIVAL OF THE U. S. STEAMER NIAGARA AT NEW YORK, AFTER LAYING THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.



SPEER - OSHLAGER

AT NEW YORK, AFTER LAYING THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—WILLIAM STUART, SOLE LESSEE
EVERY EVENING THIS WEEK.
 MR. AND MRS. W. J. FLORENCE,
 in their celebrated characters.
 Supported by all the eminent artists attached to this establishment.
 Doors open at seven; performances commence at half past seven.
 Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra
 Chairs, 10.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—SOMETHING ENTIRELY
NEW!
 THIODON'S THEATRE OF ART!
 First time in the New World. Unlike anything ever seen here before.
 Every Afternoon and Evening at 8 and at 7½ o'clock during the week.
 Also, the GRAND AQUARIA, of Ocean and River Wonders; Living Serpents,
 Happy Family, &c. &c.
 Admittance, 25 cents; Children under ten, 15 cents.

WOOD'S BUILDINGS, 561 AND 563 BROADWAY, NEAR
PRINCE STREET.
 Proprietor.....Henry Wood.
 THE GREATEST ETHIOPIAN COMEDIAN IN THE WORLD!
 BROWER, BUDWORTH, FOX and WHITE.
 Stage Manager.....Sylvester Block.
 Treasurer.....I. M. Winans.
 Tickets 25 cents, to all parts of the house. Doors open at 6; to commence at
 8 o'clock precisely.

PALACE GARDEN.—
 On Fourteenth street and Sixth avenue.
 This Extensive and Magnificent Garden IS NOW OPEN to Visitors Day and
 Evening.
GRAND CONCERTS, PROMENADE D'ETE,
 Will be given on every
TUESDAY AND SATURDAY EVENING.
 The Orchestra will be under the experienced Direction of the celebrated
 Composer and Conductor,
MR. THOMAS BAKER,
 Formerly Leader of Julien's renowned Band and Conductor at Laura Keane's
 Theatre and Niblo's Garden.
 The Charge of Admission on Concert Nights will be 25 cents. Refreshments
 not included; but on other Nights, 15 cents will be charged at the Gates,
 or which Tickets will be given, redeemable in Refreshments. Family Season
 Tickets, \$10.
 Made from the original Recipe of Mr. Condit's celebrated Cream, will be com-
 posed of the purest materials, the Milk and Cream being procured direct from
 Farmers, who have contracted to supply the demand.
 Every attaché to this Garden will have his specific duties to fulfill, and visit-
 ors will greatly oblige the Proprietors if they will report any dereliction
 on the part of Cashiers, Clerks, Guards, Heads of Departments, Waiters, &c.
 DE FOREST & TISDALE, Proprietors.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 28, 1868.

Our Next Number

Will contain a series of the most beautiful and truthful engravings,
 illustrating the most striking incidents attending the laying of
 the great Atlantic Telegraph, made expressly for us by our own
 artist, who was on board the Niagara from the commencement to
 the end of this gigantic undertaking.

The Atlantic Cable.

THE great achievement of a century full of wonders has spoken;
 it has greeted America in Victoria's name, and our President
 Buchanan has cordially returned the greeting. We have endeav-
 ored to commemorate so great an event by devoting our entire
 space to illustrating its principal features, and shall complete the
 gratifying task in our next. We may, without any personal
 vanity, say that ours is the only illustrated paper whose sketches
 have been taken on the spot, as our artist was on board the
 Niagara from the commencement of the attempt to lay the cable
 to its final triumph.

The arrival of the Arabia puts us in possession of some inter-
 esting details, which show that the Agamemnon arrived at
 Valencia some short time before the Niagara made her port on
 this side, and also that the British vessel had such very bad
 weather, that at one time the successful laying of the cable was
 very problematical. During four days it blew hard, with fre-
 quent violent squalls, the sea running high; but on Wednesday,
 the 3d of August, the weather moderated, although the sea still
 continued very much disturbed. It will thus be seen that the
 Agamemnon had difficulties to contend with which the Niagara
 fortunately escaped.

In chronicling so great an event, it is impossible to calculate
 its results upon the world. An English contemporary has said
 that they cannot fail to be beneficial, and we heartily echo the
 wish. For fighting purposes, England and America are as far off
 as ever, while for the uses of commerce we are face to face. If
 Louis the Great boasted that, owing to his statesmanship, the
 Pyrenees existed no longer, we can truly say that there is no
 longer an Atlantic to divide the Old and New Worlds; and
 when two great nations are thus brought within speaking dis-
 tance, the bold broad facts of national policy are more easily
 comprehended—or, if misunderstood, the error can be imme-
 diately corrected. It has long been the opinion of our wisest
 men that more wars are occasioned by blundering or designing
 ambassadors than by real grievances, and in this light the At-
 lantic cable may be called the Great Peacemaker between the
 two chief nations on the globe.

Its effects upon commerce will undoubtedly be equally great,
 for although it may not check speculation, it will materially take
 from it that gambling character which is so marked a feature in
 the commercial world, and which, while accelerating the wheels
 of progress, very often makes its onward course the disastrous
 march of the Juggernaut. The world is yet in its infancy, so far
 as social science is concerned, and we therefore hail every effort
 made to take from labor its exhausting toil, and from poverty its
 sting. This can only be accomplished when science becomes the
 handmaid of humanity, and lifts from the shoulders of man the
 weight that machinery is destined to perform. In this aspect
 every invention is a stepping stone to that great platform on which
 man was intended to stand, free, happy and enlightened, when he
 was made in the image of a benevolent Creator, who, as he be-
 comes fitted for the privilege, reveals to him, through the medium
 of philosophers, mechanics and chemists, those great secrets which
 have enabled him now to control the elements, as he has already
 done the beasts of the field. We therefore join Captain Hudson
 in that reverent spirit which ascribes the glory of this great achieve-
 ment to the directing hand of Providence.

Out-of-Door Amusements—Max Maretzek—Jones' Wood.

THE past week has been memorable for the grandest musical fes-
 tivals in the open air that were ever given in America. The
 custom is a common one in Germany, and also in France, but
 it has not yet become an institution here. Max Maretzek having

taken the matter in hand with seriousness and earnestness of pur-
 pose, we have reason to believe that the gathering of the multi-
 tude in the open air to listen to beautiful music, to enjoy a half
 holiday in the pleasant country, husbands, wives and children
 together, and finally to view the gorgeous display of elaborate
 fireworks, will be accomplished, will become a recognized institu-
 tion with us Americans as it has long been regarded by our
 German fellow-citizens.

It is a constant and just remark among the more thoughtful
 members of the Press, that our whole lives are devoted to the ac-
 cumulation of wealth—that we carry the counting-house about
 with us even into the opera and the ball-room, and that while
 the strains of Bellini or the magic melodies of Strauss are
 floating around us, we are calculating upon the rise of cotton
 or the decline of flour; that this absorbing lust for gain renders
 us utterly selfish, even in our social relations—renders us unfit
 companions to our wives and children, who become almost iso-
 lated from our confidence and affections, and are thus forced to
 seek other relations, until the sacred love and charm of home are
 fading out from our midst; that the wild excitement of reckless
 speculation causes us to shun the quiet pleasures of the family
 circle, and drives us to the gaming-house or the billiard-table, as
 means to continue that feverish condition which the business of
 the day has engendered in our blood. Thus it is that we have no
 time for rational amusement, no period of relaxation for the over-
 taxed brain and the over-strung nerves; and as it operates upon
 us, in the like manner it reacts upon all concerned with us.
 They must be driven, that the wheel that grinds out the dollars
 may be kept for ever in motion. Work, work, work, through
 the summer's sunshine and the winter's storm! no rest for the
 white slave!

They arrange matters better abroad. There business ceases
 sometimes. Stores are closed at decent hours, and the principals
 and the subordinates rest from their labors, and seek, by relaxa-
 tion, that quiet so necessary to health—so necessary to the self-
 conviction that we are human beings, and not mere machines.

We are earnest advocates of a great increase of holidays for
 the people, because we are satisfied that we all need more out-of-
 door amusement, and that all of us would be both better in health
 and happier in mind from the exercise of such natural indulgence;
 and therefore we hail with sincere pleasure the announcement of
 Max Maretzek, that he has determined to establish, next year,
 during the whole of the summer, a course of out-of-door enter-
 tainments, which shall be so admirable in themselves and so per-
 fect in every particular, that they shall attract the refined and the
 fastidious as well as the tradesman and the artisan. We are
 certain that the united Press will receive this announcement with
 cordial delight, and will lend all their public and private influence
 to forward the enterprise and render it a perfect success. Max
 Maretzek is, personally, a great favorite with everybody, and it is
 this personal popularity which so eminently fits him to conduct
 successfully an enterprise such as the summer Music Festivals.
 We hope even now to enjoy a few more before the close of the
 season. The September weather is the most genial and the best-
 adapted for out-door amusements, and everything would seem to
 be propitious for some grand gala days in Jones' Wood during the
 coming month. At any rate, we shall look forward to next sum-
 mer and its promised music festivals with pleasurable anticipa-
 tion, and shall hold Max Maretzek to the fulfillment of his pledge.

Complete Success of the Atlantic Cable.

THE telegraph cable is a complete triumph. Messages are passing
 over its wires quite freely, and there is no doubt a short time will
 enable our electricians to increase the velocity of transmission so as
 to bring it up to those already in use. It is needless to remind
 the public how few had faith in such a wonderful achievement
 a month ago.

Editorial Gossip.

THE FESTIVAL OF THE GLEN COVE STARCH MANUFACTURING
 COMPANY was a very pleasant gathering, and a most decided suc-
 cess. The occasion was an exhibition of the new factory in full
 operation; and to bring the enterprise prominently before the pub-
 lic, the principal members of the New York Press were invited, and
 many of our distinguished merchants and scientific men. The com-
 pany left New York at 1 P.M., in two steamboats, and reached Glen
 Cove about 3, after a most delightful steam up the East River and
 through the Sound. The scene at the landing was most animated.
 Guns were fired, and a crowd greeted the visitors, and vehicles of
 every description awaited to convey them to the Starch Factory, which
 is situated at the foot of a creek about a mile inland. Omnibuses,
 hotel stages, covered and uncovered carts, top wagons, and other
 means of transit too numerous to mention, were speedily crowded
 to their utmost capacity; and preceded by Dodworth's band, in an
 open four-team vehicle, the thousand visitors went on their way re-
 joicing. The sojourners at the hotel and all the inhabitants of the
 village turned out to do honor to the occasion, and greeted the
 curious and impromptu cortege with shouts and waving of hats and
 handkerchiefs.

Arrived at the ground, the scene was still more animated, for be-
 sides our train of carriages, a large number of private carriages were
 on the ground, crowded with beautiful and elegantly-dressed ladies,
 while the humbler villagers and the hands of the factory swelled the
 visiting party to a great assemblage.

Previous to entering the manufactory, Mr. Coles, of Glen Cove,
 addressed a few words of cordial greeting to all, which were
 strengthened by a few warm words from the Secretary, Mr. Wm.
 Duryea. The manufactory, for every practical purpose, is admirably
 designed and constructed. It is strong, roomy and perfect in all its
 details.

As we propose to illustrate this important branch of manufacture,
 we shall not enter into detail, but content ourselves with stating
 that the works cover nearly two acres, the chief building being one
 hundred and sixty feet by fifty, and that starch is produced there at
 the rate of eighteen tons per day—making the enormous yearly
 total of nearly 11,000,000 tons of pure starch! This will give our
 readers an idea of the vast interests represented in this Glen Cove
 Starch Manufactory, and will afford a plausible reason for the public
 invitation to visit it, which was so cordially responded to by the
 Press and the distinguished gentlemen present.

A huge tent, some one hundred and sixty feet long by seventy
 or eighty broad, was erected in a field adjoining the factory, to which
 the company, after viewing the factory, adjourned. There was a most
 beautiful supply of provisions for all comers, and of the best
 quality, too; and the attendance was so excellent that no one asked
 and found his request uncomplished with.

To the brothers Duryea the thanks of all are due. Their atten-
 tion throughout the whole day was unremitting, delicate and cor-

dial, and no one left the place with the feeling that he had been
 neglected. The utmost courtesy and goodwill was shown to all,
 without reference to position or influence. All praise to the broth-
 ers Duryea.

There were many capital speeches made, too long, however, for us
 to report. The respected and venerable "Old Joe Hoxie" de-
 lighted all present, especially the ladies, and the statistical speech
 of Mr. Duryea was thoroughly to the purpose and was well received.
 The return to the boats was a perfect scramble—the means of con-
 veyance were ample, but everybody crowded in without reference to
 the capacity of the vehicles, and the most uproarious fun was the
 result; for good humor, wit and friendliness reigned supreme during
 the whole of the day. The departure of the boats was the signal
 for mutual cheering, firing of cannons and other jubilant manifesta-
 tions; and after a delightful moonlight voyage, the company landed,
 tired, of course, but heartily delighted with everything connected
 with the excursion to the Glen Cove Starch Manufactory.

THE OLD DOMINION COFFEE POT is a family friend that should
 be introduced and welcomed into every house. All who drink coffee,
 drink it because they love it. Why do they love it? Because of its
 delicious taste and flavor, and its exhilarating properties. All who
 drink coffee desire the best quality, and where good coffee is made
 there will always be found the largest number of intelligent con-
 noisseurs. In families there has been no means hitherto of securing
 a good cup of coffee always—there is, nine times out of ten, "some-
 thing the matter with the pot." The complaint is too often just,
 but can never be heard where the "Old Dominion Coffee Pot" is
 used. It is cheap, simple, ingenious and thoroughly practical; and
 what is certain is, that you cannot make a bad cup of coffee in it,
 even if you wished. The "Old Dominion Tea Pot" is in every
 respect equally valuable for cheapness, practical excellence and
 general economy.

We can most cordially join with the large majority of our brethren of
 the press in recommending to our readers the cheapest and most
 reliable coffee and tea pots in the world—the "Old Dominion
 Coffee and Tea Pots," manufactured in Philadelphia by Messrs.
 Arthur, Burnham & Gilroy.

THE JOURNAL OF SPECIFIC HOMOEOPATHY is edited by F. Hum-
 phreys, M.D., and is an able exponent of the doctrine of specific
 homoeopathy. The idea of the system is the compounding of the
 several prominent medicines which are remedies for certain diseases,
 and forming them into one specific remedy. The argument is, that
 as the several remedies for each disease are potent in their separate
 action, they can be combined in one form without disturbing their
 curative properties or individual characteristics. Thousands of per-
 sons are in possession of the homoeopathic medicine chests for their
 own private use, but the symptomatic details of the various diseases,
 and their many corresponding remedies, are but too certain to bewilder
 the unpractised home dispenser in selecting the proper drug; and it
 is to obviate the confusion and irresolution which result therefrom
 that specific medicines for certain complaints, such as fevers, colds,
 agues, headaches, &c., &c., are prepared by Dr. Humphreys. These
 remedies are spoken of as singularly efficacious. If the system is
 really as successful as it is reported to be, it will prove of great
 benefit to the community at large. We shall inquire into it
 farther.

LITERATURE.

THE LIFE, TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES OF FERDINAND DE SOTO,
 DISCOVERER OF THE MISSISSIPPI. By LAMBERT A. WILMER. Philadelphia:
 J. T. Lord.

This valuable addition to the literature of America we hail with pleasure.
 The spirit and execution of the volume are highly creditable to the author,
 and the bringing out of the work reflects credit in every respect upon the
 liberality, taste and enterprise of the publisher. Mr. Wilmer, in his preface,
 remarks somewhat severely, but we think justly, upon the historians of
 "Columbus and his Companions," and the "Conquest of Peru." Washing-
 ton Irving and Prescott, who have been rather the apologists and eulogists
 of the men they have converted into heroes, half-saints, half-pariahs, than the
 impartial historians, who should rather seek to educate pure hearts from the over-
 drawn works of bygone ages, than to draw from these ancient chronicles the
 highly-colored pictures, only to reproduce them in the most gaudy array of
 flouting colors and improbable virtues. There can be no doubt, but that the
 early connection of Spain with South America was signalized by every species
 of fraudulence, dishonesty, broken faith in every treaty, oral or written,
 crimes the most revolting, barbarity the most inhuman, lust in its vilest
 manifestations, and cupidity and greed for gain the most shameless and un-
 scrupulous. And all these horrors have been, to a certain extent, defended by
 men whose lives are the most blameless. Such is the evil effect of undue ad-
 miration. But while we coincide with Mr. Wilmer in his strictures upon
 hero-worship, we must observe that he very frequently falls into the same
 error himself, and raises De Soto far above his real stature, either mental or
 spiritual. It was from no wish to extol the Christian way that these men
 went through their perilous undertakings—they were led on and sustained by
 the lust of adventure, greed and ambition, and whatever may be the final
 results of their labors, there can be no question the transaction was one of
 crime and suffering.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MAJOR ROGER SHEPHERD POTTER. By PHILIP VAN
 TRICHDALE. New York: Stanford & DeLisser.

We have not space in the present number to say much of this pleasant and
 humorous volume, but content ourselves by giving a quotation, which we
 think casts a reflection on a celebrated publishing house it does not deserve.
 It is absurd and unjust to insinuate that the *Journal of Civilization* was founded
 on a subscription gained in the manner named by the author. We would as soon
 think of charging it with an intention of publishing the History of a social
 evil all decent persons forbear to name.

"On turning to depart, my companion reminded me that it was customary
 on such occasions for all distinguished persons to present each of the artists
 young ladies with a gold dollar, which they presented as a fund, intending,
 when it became sufficiently large, to start a 'Journal of Civilization,' in which
 the literature of other lands was to be much improved for the benefit of this.
 The 'Journal of Civilization' was not to be considered a reflex of free brains,
 but rather as a reflex of free stealing, which was to be advertised at great
 length in its columns. Its general department would, my companion told me,
 be devoted to the histories of great historians, commencing with Jacob Abbot
 and ending with Peter Parley. Of its politics not much was to be said, seeing
 that they were written by my learned friend, Doctor Huxley, author and co-
 mpiler of 'The Polite Speech Maker,' and ought never to be taken as meaning
 what they said. Sharpe and Seisours were to be honored with the post of
 general editors; and the musical department, which it was intended should be
 strong enough to drown all weak instruments, had been assigned to three
 magnificent Harpers, who were capable of climbing a gamut of any number of
 notes. Neither had tuned their harps very extensively to home literature, the
 love bore it being of the chastest kind; and though they were capable of
 conferring precious endowments upon it, they had turned a deaf ear to all its
 cries and distresses."

"Not seeing the enlarged benefits that were to flow from this *Journal of Pro-
 per Civilization*, nor having any great faith in the quality of civilization
 as an literature would confer upon a nation, I preferred to distinguish my
 generosity by a more national and less tricky example. This, I observed, did
 not give satisfaction to the damels, who turned away with a look of contempt,
 and so ceased to this day entertain a very poor opinion of me."

MUSIC.

MAX MARETZKE'S SUMMER CONCERTS.—Last Sunday three con-
 certs were given at Jones' Wood under the direction of Max Maretzek and Carl
 Anschütz. There were two afternoon concerts and one in the evening, each
 programme being composed of different pieces. It is hard to tell how many
 thousand people were there, but it was a Sunday festival decorous in every
 respect, pleasant in all its surroundings, and a most decided success. We
 understand that several open air concerts will be given at Jones' Wood during
 the coming month by Messrs. Maretzek and Anschütz.

MADAME COLSON, MAURICE STRAKOSCH'S PRIMA DONNA.—This lady, young,
 beautiful and a genius, will arrive by the next Vanderbilt steamer. Report
 speaks highly of her abilities both as a singer and an actress, and Mrs. Rowe
 avers that those, in connection with her great beauty, will take America by
 storm. This is no June, and a new tenor are also on their way. Strakosch
 and his fair wife return next week.

COLONEL JAMES PIPES OF TYPESVILLE (Stephen C. Mason's) new songs, six of
 them, have come to hand. We find their titles to be as follows:—"When
 the moon on the lake is beaming," an old favorite here, by the by, and which
 we have a decided recollection of arranging for the piano-forte, and seeing our
 name on the title page accredited with having done that thing, although upon
 the English copy G. F. Harris struts away with our gorgeous feathers—well

he is welcome to the immortality that should have been ours! The other five songs are all new—"I would not have thee young again," "It is not as it used to be," "I'll look for thee, Mary," "I remember the house where I was born," and "A Sabbath scene." All these songs are eminently singable, being simple and pleasant in melody, unobjectionable in sentiment, of moderate compass and easy accompaniment, four requisites which cannot fail to render them widely popular and general favorites. Mr. Massett has sung them at all his popular entertainments in California, Australia, India and London, with decided success, and will in all probability let us hear some of them at his entertainments, which will, we learn, commence in a short time. The songs have a handsome lithographed frontispiece, that is, the portrait of the author, and as they can be had at all the music stores, we advise our lady friends to purchase them and try their quality.

DRAMA.

WALLACE'S THEATRE.—The Florences have produced a light and lively alteration, with the hits made up to the present hour, of the "Forty Thieves," which has had the effect of keeping the theatre full. A virtuous contemporary has turned up the whites of his cravat at the enormity of caricaturing our friend Stuart, the genial manager. As he laughs at the probability himself, we do not see what others have to do with it, more especially as it exhibits him in the praiseworthy attempt to pay his actors. The Yankee Girl and Irish Boy will remain still longer to gratify their friends.

BARON'S MUSEUM.—Wyman, the Wizard, is still the hero of legenddom at this resort of wonders. It is just the place to take your families to, for when they have had enough of magic they can amuse themselves with nature, not forgetting the anomalous and other curiosities. Households of a quarrelsome tendency cannot do better than take their children to see the happy family; it will read wives, husbands and children a whole-me lesson, and make them ashamed of themselves. In this light, that alone is worth twenty-five cents, being a volume of civilization in a cage.

PALACE GARDENS.—The fine weather has drawn thousands to these agreeable gardens, where music, exercise and refreshment contribute their claims to make our fellow-creatures forget their cares. It has become so popular a feature in New York amusements, that the spirited proprietors must try to invent some plan to keep it open all the winter as well as summer and autumn.

WORD'S MINSTRELS.—The same unvarying applause greets this admirable band, and the act with which the manager varies the entertainment is worthy of all praise. Music, fun and sparkling jest all combine to render this par excellence the Temple of Mousus.

Death in a Wreath.—A sudden death took place a short time since on the railroad from Fontainebleau to Paris. A brilliant festival was given, and Madame D'Ivernois took a seat in her carriage to return to Paris. Owing to her large ermine, her husband rode in one of the cars, his fair wife occupying all the room. At three o'clock in the morning they reached Paris. Her husband got out of the cars and opened the carriage door, calling her: "Pauline! Pauline! here we are at home!" There was no answer. He called again, and louder than before, and he shook her by the shoulder. It was cold, strangely cold. "Are you unwell, dear? What is the matter? Speak!" He could gain no reply. Taking down one of the carriage lamps, he entered the carriage and found his wife dead! She had been suffering from an affection of the heart, but the doctors said it was cured; and now coming from a bad in a gay ball attire, with flowers on her head and rouge on her cheeks, death had come all unawares, before she could speak, while she lay dreaming of balls and all the pleasures of the world. Nay, even death seems more merciful than when it surprises its victim arrayed to play a part in the frivolous amusements of the hour.

A Real Tragedy.—A terrible event has desolated the hearth of one of the chief Italian nobles. The Marchess Castellucci lost her three children, of whom the eldest is scarcely eight, to the Florentine theatre, to see Albert's tragedy of "Orestes," and the performance made a great impression on them. The next day, to amuse themselves, the children mimicked the last scene; the eldest boy, taking a kitchen knife as a poison rod, plunged it in his sister's throat, and inflicted so serious a wound that she died in a few minutes. He then wounded his younger brother dangerously, and afterwards plunged the knife into his own breast, near the heart, inflicting a very serious wound. At this moment the mother entered, and her despair at finding one child dead and the other two dangerously wounded, may be imagined.

Doubtless a Greek Deed!—It is a singular fact that, although the Turks are a brutal, cruel, ignorant and fanatic people, altogether beyond all reform, yet they are a singularly free, as a people, from personal crime, such as murder, larceny, theft, &c. All these are done by the Greeks—*ecce signum!* The case of *Grout* gives an account of a dreadful murder, committed in the open day on the person of M. Audbert, a French merchant at Constantinople, while in his warehouse. The son of a tradesman in the neighborhood, having to call on business, found him lying on the ground, withering in his blood. An alarm was given, and a medical man having been sent for, found that his skull had been split open by a heavy blow. He was dead, and his face washed with cold water, which restored animation; but in two hours after he breathed his last. His iron safe had been broken open, and its contents carried off, as well as that of several boxes which had contained watches.

A Bit of Romance.—The Washington (Ohio) Register gives us the following:

A gentleman, whom we may call Mr. Landen, retired to a pretty country residence about ten miles from Washington, accompanied by his wife and one son. Among the "help" was a German girl of remarkable beauty. There was an air of superiority in her manner and address, but the Landens always treated her with haughtiness.

One day during last summer the old lady and gentleman went on a visit for the day, Frank, their son, remaining at home. A short time after their departure, he was surprised at hearing music, the sounds issuing from the sitting-room; he quietly approached the window, and peeping in, was surprised to see Mary with the guitar, which she had graciously, and from which she drew forth the sweetest tones, accompanying it with her voice, full of pathos. An exclamation of surprise and admiration escaped him, which caused her to turn hastily round, and, on seeing him whom she considered was with his parents, she turned pale with dismay and fell fainting on a couch. Frank, though a shy, retiring youth, rushed to her aid, and, somewhat confused, sprinkled a few drops of water in her face, supporting her in his arms till consciousness returned, when, before he relinquished his fair burden, he seized a lady's kiss. She soon recovered her composure and resumed her duties; not so Frank, he had never before felt the power of beauty, and he now sought in various ways to win from her a look or word in exchange for his attentions; but she preserved the same dignified demeanor. To him the kiss proved a study, amusement, everything was at a stand; he, therefore, during the temporary absence of his parents avowed his affections, making honorable and frank proposals; she listened and responded, but only on conditions that his parents were made cognizant of the circumstances.

As for the youthful lover, Mr. and Mrs. Landen were indignant, dismissed the offending girl, who, it appears, was the daughter of an Austrian gentleman who had been driven from his country for liberalism; he had died, broken-hearted, in New York. Mary remained true to herself and would consent to no hidden correspondence. The fond lover was depending, his health began to fail and the doctor to shake his head, for the youth seemed to be walking in a dream and buried in restless thought; at length Mary was sent for, Frank got well, and the old couple thought their affectionate daughter-in-law the greatest blessing Heaven ever sent them.

MARIE AMELIE, OR, THE LOST ONES.

The church bells were ringing gaily in the little town of Woolstone; bustle and excitement seemed to prevail everywhere; crowds of villagers were seen hastening to the church, dressed in their Sunday suits, and many a private carriage, as well as humble conveyance, waited in the road.

The reason of all this excitement was the marriage, then celebrating, of the young squire of Linsworth with a lovely young French girl—Marie Amelie de Saintonge, who had been left to the guardianship of his uncle by her deceased parents. The marquis, her father, had been guillotined in that terrible revolution so justly termed the Reign of Terror; his widow escaped with much difficulty to England, bearing with her her only child and only treasure, the little Amelie. Months of sorrow, excitement and poverty produced their effect. The marquis languished some months in England at the house of Sir Edward Desborough, her husband's earliest friend, to whom he had confided in a letter the care of his wife and child. The marquis had every care and every attention lavished upon her by the companion of her husband's youth, but in vain; and after three months of great pain and suffering she died. The little Amelie, then two years old, was still too young to feel the fearful loss she had sustained, though she cried piteously when not taken to her mother for her morning and evening kiss. The marquis was buried in the churchyard of Woolstone, and a handsome monument was erected to her memory by Sir Edward Desborough.

At the time of which we are now speaking Sir Edward was in his fiftieth year; and on the death of the marquis he determined to adopt the little orphan, whose artless sorrow and engaging prattle quite won his affection.

As Amelie grew up she was the comfort and support of his old age. His sight was failing, and he could no longer be so active as his wont. Amelie read to him constantly and frequently, took long walks that she might amuse him on her return with an account of all she had seen, and Sir Edward often said, fondly, "My Amelie is my second

self; she sees for me; she takes long walks for me, and I would rather hear her glowing description of scenery than anything else."

Sir Edward's favorite nephew, Bertrand Desborough, frequently accompanied her at these times. His parents had long been dead, and he had succeeded to their property. He was their only child, and their hearts had been bound up in him.

It was about a year after his father's death that Bertrand received an invitation from his uncle, Sir Edward, and anxious to become better acquainted with his father's brother, he immediately accepted it. It was there he first met with Amelie. Friendship soon ripened into love. Their favorite pursuits were the same; they shared them together. Sir Edward observed their growing intimacy with pleasure; he entertained great esteem for his nephew. He had marked his consistent course from his childhood, and nothing in one respect could have afforded him greater pleasure than to see his loved Amelie Bertrand's bride.

When Bertrand sought his lonely house at Linsworth he felt there was a void which nothing could replace—she was not there—and he resolved to take the earliest opportunity which should present itself of telling her how dear she had become to him. Accordingly, when, a short time after, he received another invitation to Woolstone, he accepted it with joy, and, on arriving there and finding Sir Edward sitting alone in the large, old drawing-room, he eagerly inquired after Amelie.

"She is in the garden, I think," replied his uncle; "she talked of replenishing the flower-vases, and I suspect she is gone thither for that purpose. I wish you would go and help her, Bertrand," added he. "I doubt not she will be delighted to see you again."

Bertrand needed not a second bidding. He bounded lightly down the lawn, expecting to find her in the Lime Avenue, her favorite walk. She was not there, however, and he retraced his steps towards the garden. He soon saw her at a distance endeavoring to persuade an obstinate creeper to twine over one of the garden seats.

Bertrand stood behind one of the large old limes and watched her. Very beautiful was she, and so he thought as he marked her kneeling on the grass. Her hat had fallen off, and her lovely glossy ringlets fell about her face, to which the exertion of stooping had imparted a bright color. The young man advanced towards her, and she looked up radiant with pleasure.

"Is it you, Bertrand, already? We did not expect you so soon. I am glad to see you again," said she, putting her hand in his.

"Your pleasure cannot equal mine, Amelie," said Bertrand. "I have longed to see you again more than you can imagine."

Amelie blushed slightly as Bertrand accompanied his words with marked emphasis; but she gently rejoined, "All the improvements we projected together have been carried out during your absence, and I am impatient to show them to you;" but finding that Bertrand did not answer, she looked up inquiringly in his face, and seeing that he was walking with the air of a man who does not know what he is about, she walked on silently by his side, feeling very much astonished.

On entering the Lime Avenue, however, Bertrand said, abruptly, "You must have thought me very rude just now when I did not answer you."

"I was rather surprised," said Amelie, gently; "but I fancied you did not hear me. What is the matter, Bertrand? You seem quite agitated."

"Dearest Amelie," he exclaimed, "it is time for me to tell you all;" and with the eagerness of an impassioned lover he poured out all his tale. "And now, Amelie," said he, as he ended, "it is in your power to make me the happiest or most miserable man in the world. Oh, tell me quickly, and do not keep me in suspense!"

Amelie raised her glistening eyes, and fixing them on him, she whispered, "Dear Bertrand, be it as you will!"

Bertrand, clasping her in his arms, exclaimed, "Amelie, my own darling, thank you for your blessed words!"

Sir Edward waited long in the expectation of seeing Bertrand return with Amelie. After some time he saw a new book lying temptingly beside him, with the leaves cut. He took it up—it was one Amelie had promised to read to him; it was on a subject in which he was much interested, and he wondered why Amelie did not return. "I will just try to read the preface," said he, "and by that time Amelie will come in." He put his hand into his pocket for his spectacles—they were not there. He looked about. "Where could they possibly be? If Amelie was there she would find them directly. Oh, what could he do without Amelie!" The search for his spectacles proved useless, and he was obliged to sit down and wait patiently. At length he heard their footsteps, and presently Bertrand came in, looking so flushed, so happy, and so excited, that Sir Edward divined the truth at once; and when Bertrand told him all, and asked his consent, saying he had already obtained that of Amelie, the old man exclaimed, in a tremulous voice, "Take her, Bertrand, take her. She is worthy of your love, and may she prove as good a wife to you as she has been a dutiful daughter to me."

Time flew on silver wings, notwithstanding Bertrand was frequently absent, superintending the preparations for his bride. At length all was completed—the day was fixed—and Sir Edward joyfully assented to the proposal of the young couple that he should come and live with them.

"I cannot have you say, uncle," said Bertrand, "that your nephew has stolen your only treasure. You must come with us to Linsworth, where we can both study your comforts as Amelie has done alone."

At last the auspicious morning dawned. It was just such a day as was desired—cool, clear and bright; and Amelie's heart overflowed with thankfulness and joy as she looked from her window that bright autumn morning. They were to be married at the village church of Woolstone, and on their return were to set out immediately on a tour through the Western Highlands, while Sir Edward was to employ the time in shutting up his establishment, and was then to proceed to Linsworth to await his nephew and "his child," as he fondly termed Amelie.

Thus loving and thus loved, they held the even tenor of their way. The only thing which grieved them was the increasing ill health of Sir Edward. He was almost totally blind, and so weak that he could not walk without assistance. He was very cheerful, however, and frequently said that though he felt himself surely though gradually sinking, still he was perfectly happy, and he hoped death would not find him unprepared.

Bertrand had been from home for some days on business, and one morning, a short time after his return, he asked Amelie to accompany him in a drive. "It is so long," he said, "since we have been out together. We have now been married nearly a year and we have scarcely used the carriage."

"Because you preferred walking," returned Amelie; "and I almost fancy you must be growing lazy—it is such an unusual thing for you to propose a drive."

"I have an object in view, dearest," replied her husband—"I wish to see old Spratt, one of my tenants, who is in a dying state, I believe, and his farm is at too great a distance for a walk. Say, will you go with me?" added he, holding the door in his hand before going out.

"Yes, I should like it very much," said Amelie. "We can also call at the parsonage as we pass."

She left the room to prepare for her drive, and appeared tripping down the broad oak staircase as the carriage drove up to the door. Bertrand handed his wife in, sprang up beside her, and they drove away. They called at the parsonage to inquire after the clergyman's invalid wife, and after a long and charming drive, arrived at the Rock Farm, where one of the squire's tenants was then dying. Bertrand drove up to the door, and the farmer's son appeared from the barn.

"How is your father to-day, Robert?" said the young squire.

"Father is failing fast, please your honor," said the boy, wiping a tear on his shirt sleeve; "and this morning he said the only thing he regretted was leaving the world before he saw your honor for the last time."

"He shall be spared his last regret," said Bertrand, "for I am come to see him. My love," said he, in a low voice, to Amelie, "I have a duty to perform here—it would not be right to go away without seeing the poor old man. You will not be frightened, my love. Robert will stand by the horses and I will return as quickly as possible."

"Yes, go, dear Bertrand, by all means," said Amelie, quickly, as she saw him hesitate. "I shall do very well here if the horses would not paw the ground so."

"There is not the slightest occasion for fear, Amelie," said Bertrand; "the horses will stand quietly," and he went into the house. Amelie felt very nervous, but she said nothing; and when Bertrand came, after a quarter of an hour's absence, she greeted him with one of her brightest smiles and assured him the horses had been quiet.

The squire sprang into the carriage, saying to Robert, as he did so, "Tell your mother to send up to the Hall for anything your father may fancy; and here is something for yourself," he added, slipping a piece of silver into the boy's hand.

Robert touched his cap, and the squire drove off. On entering the lane which formed the approach to the farm, he said, "The lanes are so narrow that it would be very disagreeable if we were to meet anything just here."

"There are some cows coming up, Bertrand!" exclaimed Amelie. "Oh, do let me get out and go back to the farm."

"No, dearest," he replied quickly; "you would not have time; sit still, and trust in me, dear Amelie, that if there is any cause for fear I will take care of you."

As he spoke he sprang out of the carriage, and going to the horses' heads, guided them to the side of the lane, calling to the groom to keep off the cows. The cows were passing very quietly, and Amelie was regaining courage, when a white cow came galloping up to rejoin its companions. At the sight of the white cow the horses grew unmanageable; Bertrand could hold them no longer, and throwing himself before them to arrest their progress, he fell, and the horses and carriage passed over him. Amelie shrieked and put her hands before her eyes. Onward they went at headstrong speed, passed the turning where they ought to have stopped, and flew down to the bottom of the lane. Fortunately the gate stood open, and they went through. At this moment the reins entangled the feet of the right-hand horse, and he fell with the other, overturning the carriage and throwing Amelie, in a state of insensibility, on the grass. A laborer was ploughing in an adjoining field, he sprang over the hedge, and, followed by several others, lifted Amelie from the ground, and then raised the carriage. As to the horses, one had its leg broken, and the other escaped with severe cuts. The men had begun to whisper among themselves.

"Where can the squire be?" said one, "he always drives the lady out himself."

"I hope no harm has happened to him," said another, and they set off running to the lane, leaving a man and a boy by Amelie. She continued some time unconscious, and when at length she recovered, she looked about her uneasily, and said faintly, "Where is Bertrand?"

The boy looked at the laborer as if to ask what he should say, and Amelie, who had noticed his doubtful expression, exclaimed, "Oh, what is it?—the cow—the horse—now I remember—he fell! Oh, let me go to him," but in attempting to rise, she fell back. In a few moments she rose again. "Give me your arm," said she to the man, and I will go."

"Indeed your ladyship," said the poor man, "I think you had better stay here; Bob and Ned Sanders are gone to look for the squire."

"Oh, no," said Amelie, "I must go;" and rising from the ground calm, stiff, and pale as a statue, she took the arm of a peasant, and set off with hurried though tottering step.

After walking for some distance up the lane they saw a group of persons standing round some object in the road. Amelie, without the man's arm, and rushed up. As she neared them, the man ran forward and tried to hold her back; but she went on, and the crowd opened before her, and in the centre she saw the reclining form of her husband covered with blood. One look at that pale, white face! Bertrand was dead! Throwing up her arms with one faint agonizing cry, she fell down senseless by his side.

Sir Edward waited long for the return of his children. At last he grew strangely uneasy, he knew not why. He reasoned against it, but his fears seemed to increase. So at length he rang the bell, and ordered one of the grooms to ride up to the Rock Farm and see what had detained his master.

About a quarter of an hour afterwards Sir Edward heard a considerable noise, and the sound of many steps approaching; and at the same time Amelie's maid rushed into the room, with horror depicted on her countenance.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "master has been kicked by one of the horses, and he is dead, and they are bringing him in, and—"

A groan from Sir Edward made her look up. She saw him in the act of falling backwards, struck by paralysis. It was what might have been expected. In his feeble state of health any sudden shock would naturally produce this effect; and after lingering a few hours he expired. The last words he uttered were to his old servant, who had lived with him from childhood: "Take care of my child, Robert," he said. "She will be your mistress now."

The body of the squire had been taken into his own bed-room, and Amelie had been laid on the sofa in the drawing-room. After a long, death-like sleep of several hours, she awoke. It was ten o'clock in the evening; and the maid who watched her rose when she saw Amelie was awake, and came and stood by her side. She lay still some time, apparently trying to collect her scattered thoughts, for presently she said, "Why am I here, Jenkinson? and where is your master?" The maid hesitated, and at last the dreadful truth flashed upon poor Amelie's mind. She rose and said, with an air of forced calmness, "I will go to him."

"Oh, no, ma'am," cried Jenkinson, "indeed you must not. You will be better to-morrow, and then you can. Do, ma'am, lie still, and try to sleep!"

"Where is Sir Edward?" said Amelie. Jenkinson burst into tears.

"Tell me; I can bear to hear anything now," continued his mistress.

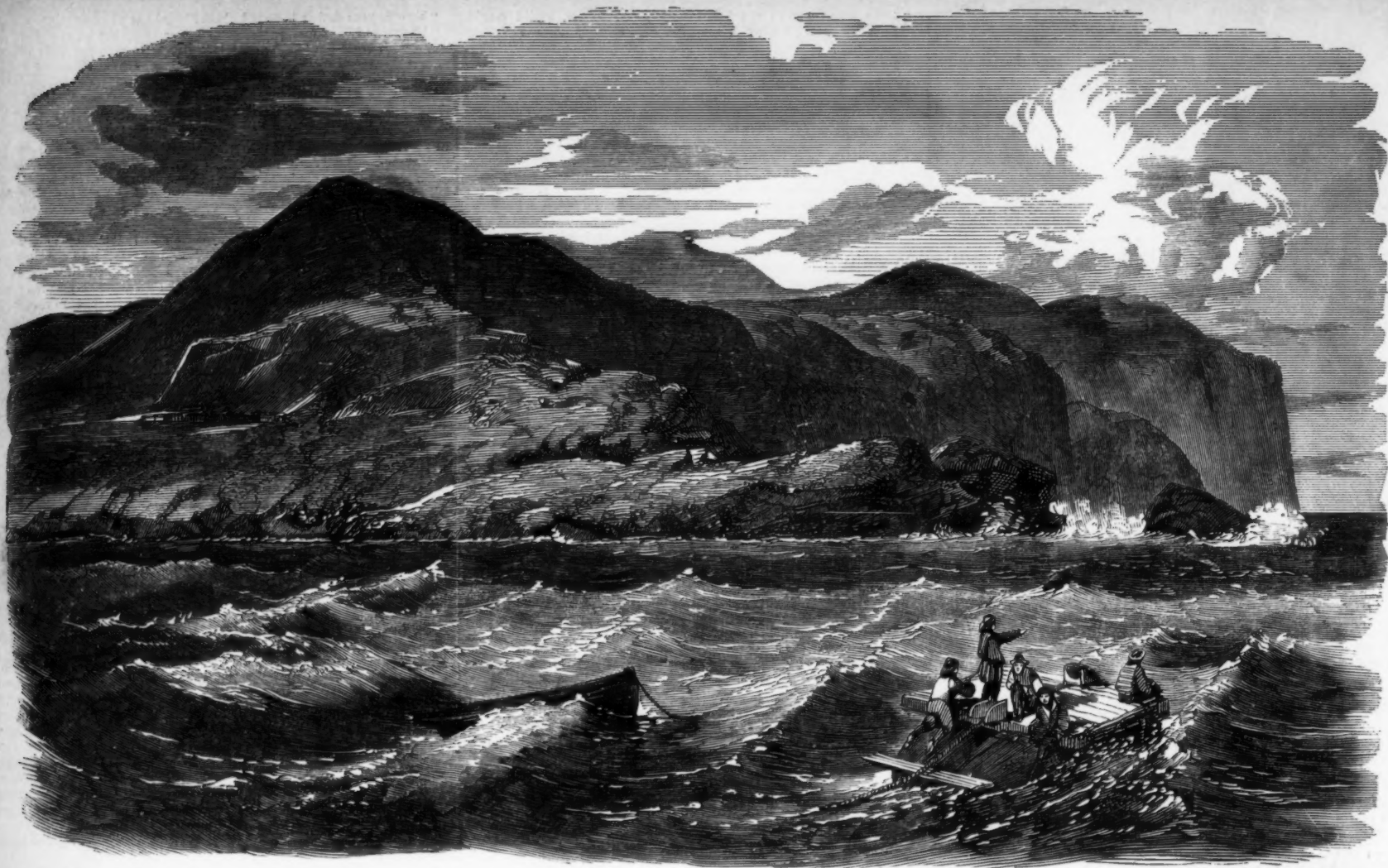
"Is Sir Edward dead?"

The maid could scarcely articulate, but through her sobs a choking "yes" was audible.

Amelie sank back—she clasped her hands; and saying, "God's will be done!" closed her eyes.

Jenkinson presently rang the bell, as Amelie appeared to sleep, and begged that the doctor, who was sitting in an adjoining room, should be called. He came and bent over Amelie. He touched her pulse, and started back, for she was dead!

A monument in the church at Linsworth is all that remains of those who lived so happily and died so regretted and deplored. There are many who will say, "Why were they cut off in the midst of their happiness, when their example was so beneficial, and where they were so beloved and respected by all? Was this the Almighty's mercy?" Yes, it was. He called them home thus early to himself, to join the blessed in regions of everlasting bliss, where sin and sorrow are unknown, and where He himself shall wipe away all tears from our eyes. Some require long preparation to fit them for another world. Their stubborn hearts rebel, and they must be softened by afflictions, which are the divine messengers of mercy to bring back the lost and erring ones into the fold.



VALENTIA—CATAMARAN FOR UNDER-RUNNING THE SHORE-END OF THE CABLE.

THE OCEAN TELEGRAPH.

(Continued from page 192.)

Arrival of the Niagara and Gorgon at Trinity Bay.

It was about eight o'clock on the cloudless morning of August 4 that the cry of "Land ho!" rang from the mast head of the Niagara, and the terminus of the Atlantic telegraph was in sight. A few hours' team brought the noble vessel to the entrance of Trinity Bay, where she was received by the British war steamer Porcupine, specially detailed for telegraphic service. Large icebergs were at a short distance from the land. As the little schooner coaxed the coast the British ensign was hoisted by the stars and stripes by the Gorgon, the cable being paid out as the vessels stood in towards the shore. At a little over two A.M. on the 5th of August, preparations commenced for landing the shore end. The Niagara's boats were lowered and received on board about a mile and a half of heavy cable, which formed the shore end laid last year by the Niagara in Valentia Bay, and was taken up after it broke on the 11th of the month. Three hundred miles had been laid from the Niagara in 1857, a portion of which was recovered by "under-running" from on board a stout raft or catamaran, and this operation is illustrated in our engraving above.

The Gorgon was anchored close to the Niagara, and her boats were called away at the same time with those of the American frigate to assist in laying the shore end. The two captains, Hudson, of the Niagara, and Dayman, of the Gorgon, who equally share the credit of the successful voyage, were also in readiness to land. Captain Dayman, one of the most energetic and able officers in the British service, was, although completely exhausted by his fatigues, most active in his supervision of the preparatory movements. For five out of the six nights of the voyage he took no sleep, but was constantly on deck, determined personally to

see that the course of the vessel, pilot as she was to the Niagara, was duly kept. Captain Hudson, indeed, asserts that without the Gorgon the cable could not have been laid, as the compasses on board the Niagara were so much affected by local magnetic attraction as to be almost useless for navigation.

Landing of the Cable.

At a little after sunrise the Niagara's and Gorgon's boats were ranged in line in the romantic Bay of Bull's Arm. The end of the cable was soon safely brought ashore, when the three captains, with their officers and men, formed a chain for the purpose of hauling it inland to the telegraph station, which is situated about half a mile from the shore. This concluding operation was speedily accomplished, and the Niagara's share in laying the Atlantic Telegraph was complete.

The Niagara at New York.

Early in the morning of August 9th the Niagara and Gorgon left Trinity Bay for St. Johns, where they arrived the same evening, and whence, after coaling, the Niagara sailed for New York. Her expected arrival occasioned the most eager enthusiasm in the metropolis, and for three days before she passed Sandy Hook a continual lookout was kept. Several false reports of her approach were circulated, but at length on Tuesday, August 17th, a British steamer arrived, and announced that she had passed the Niagara within three hundred miles of the Narrows, and at two P.M. of Wednesday she was descried from the Battery, where a large assemblage was already in waiting to witness her arrival. At least twenty thousand persons, it is calculated, were collected upon and around the Battery. A detachment of the Scott Life Guard, commanded by Captain Browne, was in readiness, and as the Niagara advanced up the Bay greeted her with a salute of two hundred guns. As she passed Staten and Governor's Islands a welcome was also thundered forth from the batteries, and the Span-

ish frigate Berenguela added her salute to the rejoicings. Most of the vessels in the harbor were dressed in flags, and the steamers Persia, City of Washington, Daniel Webster, Roanoke, with other vessels, either fired salutes or lent the shrill scream of their steam-whistles to the celebration. Several of the river steamers delayed their sailing in order to give their passengers an opportunity of seeing the magnificent frigate. At a little before five P.M. she reached the Battery, surrounded by a throng of steamers, yachts, and boats of every description, where she dropped anchor to wait a favorable moment for proceeding to the Navy Yard.

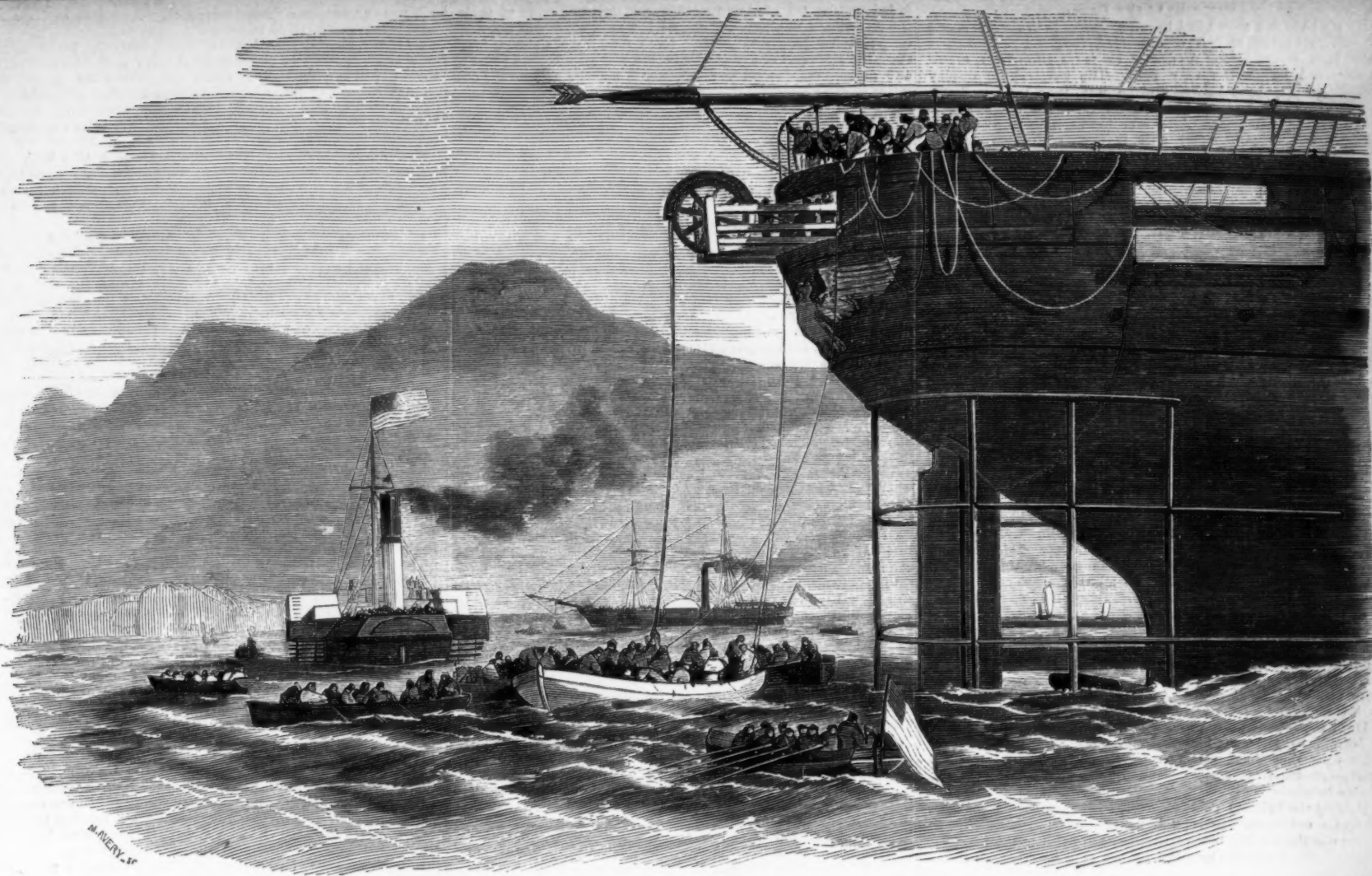
The officers of the vessel were assembled aft, and repeatedly acknowledged the vociferous compliments they received from the crowds which surrounded her. About seven o'clock the anchor was again weighed and the Niagara slowly moved up the East River towards the Navy Yard. The shipping at the wharves, the piers, buildings, barges, ferry-boats, and, in short, every imaginable spot which was capable of affording a foothold, was crowded with spectators. It was dark by the time the Niagara had reached her moorings, and a number of buildings were illuminated, while fireworks were continually discharged.

Immediately upon the final anchorage of the Niagara, Captain Hudson left the vessel and proceeded to his home in Brooklyn, where he met with an enthusiastic reception. He was met at the Mansion House, where he has long resided, by Peter Cooper, Wilson G. Hunt, George Hall, C. W. Field, Edward Fisk, and some other gentlemen. Ex-Mayor Hall briefly addressed Captain Hudson, who replied in a pithy, sailor-like speech, and a procession was then formed to escort Captain Hudson to the City Hall, there to receive the congratulations of his fellow-citizens.

It was a matter of general regret that the Niagara did not arrive in time to take part in the general celebration held on Tuesday, the 17th instant.



VALENTIA, THE EASTERN LANDING-PLACE OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE.



STERN OF THE U. S. STEAM-FRIGATE NIAGARA - LOWERING CABLE INTO BOATS.

Celebration in New York on Receipt of the Queen's Message.

The news that the Queen's message had been transmitted to his Excellency the President was circulated through the city on Monday afternoon, and announced in the hotels, theatres and other places of public resort. During the night of Monday both despatches—that of Queen Victoria and the reply of the President—were received at the publication offices of the various newspapers, in time for insertion in Tuesday morning's editions, and caused an immense additional sale of the various sheets. At a little after five the jubilee was ushered in by the discharge of cannon in the Park, and the booming of the salute was in some cases the first intimation to strangers, who arrived by steamers and railroads about that hour, of the safe transmission of the message. As the sun cleared up the sultry fog which overhung New York at dawn, his rays fell upon an assemblage of cities—New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburg, Hoboken, Jersey City—in gala costume. Broadway was gay with the waving flags of every nation, and the flag of England flaunted at the Battery side by side with the stars and stripes. Almost without an exception, the shipping in the harbor were decorated with flags. The church bells pealed at noon through the entire length and breadth of New York, and the chimes of Trinity Church rang more merrily than ever before. Wherever a bell or a steam-whistle was located in factories and shipyards their noise was added to the almost universal sound. As early as three A. M. the intelligence of the arrival of the Queen's message reached the Central Park, and highly delighted the large

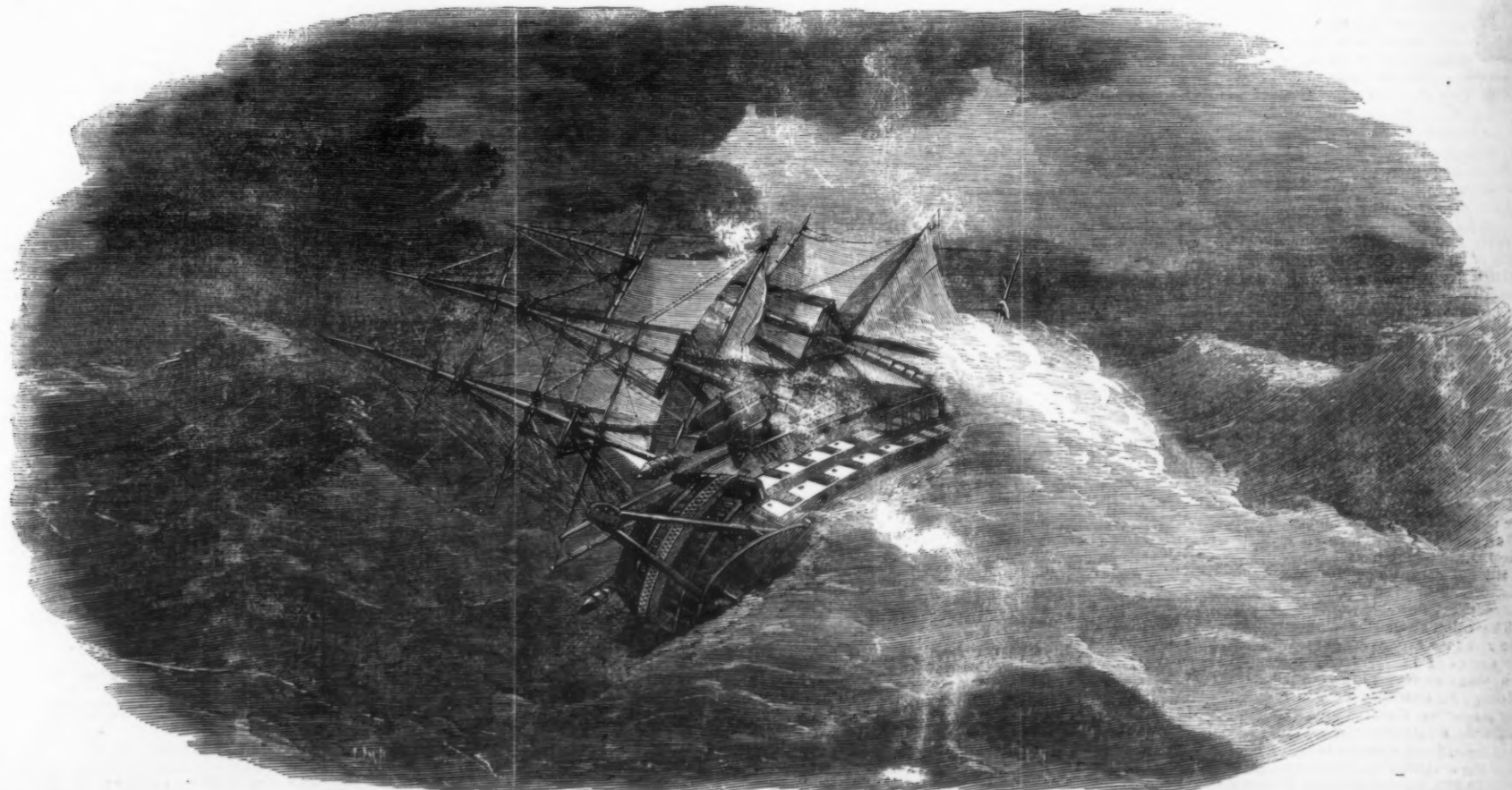
force of men now at work there. Flags were hoisted at sunrise, and a salute of one hundred guns fired. One hundred blasts were also discharged. The workmen, of whom there were nearly two thousand present chiefly of Irish origin, sent a deputation to the Superintendent, asking permission to celebrate the glorious event, and leave was readily granted them. They held a brief consultation, and in a very short time had decided on a plan for a procession, in which they were at once joined by the laborers at work on the New Reservoir, forming an addition of nearly one thousand to the number. The whole procession, when formed, included very nearly three thousand individuals, with about one hundred carts and five hundred horses, all decorated with twigs and branches, and with improvised banners borne at intervals along the line.

The procession was headed by a detachment of the Central Park Police, in their full uniform, and preceded by a brass band. The workmen marched in squads, the majority shouldering their picks, spades and other tools, while wagons, filled with implements, were interspersed in the line. The procession was some two and a half miles long, and excellent order was kept during its long march. On reaching the City Hall the procession drew itself up in the Park, and loud outcries were made for Mayor Tiemann, who appeared and addressed the workmen, as did also Mr. Green, the President of the Board of Commissioners of the Central Park. The speeches being concluded, the procession filed out into Chatham street and marched back to their place of labor.

The streets were crowded during the entire day with visitors from out of town, who had arrived to witness the telegraph jubilee, and knots of wondering spectators everywhere surrounded the preparations made for illumination in the evening. Long before darkness had descended upon the city—such was the eagerness to proceed with the celebration—rockets were shooting upwards from a hundred different localities, and bonfires were blazing all over New York.

Display in the Harbor.

The shipping in the harbor and at the wharves were almost foremost in demonstrations of joy. Foreign vessels especially, burst into a gay eruption of bunting, and the flags of Great Britain and America waved from nearly every mast. As might naturally be expected, the great ocean steamers, of which there were an unusual number in port, took the lead. The gigantic Persia, which had been hauled from her dock, was covered with ensigns, and fired salutes towards evening, while after nightfall rockets were sent up from her decks. The Saxonia, just arrived from Hamburg, illuminated her rigging, but the greatest display was made by the Galway steamer, Prince Albert, which left all other attempts at celebration far behind. A brilliant flight of pyrotechnics left her deck soon after dark, and immediately thereupon her spars and rigging were gorgeously lit up with innumerable colored fires. A national salute was at the same time fired from her ports. Many sailing vessels also fired salutes and were more or less illuminated.



THE AGAMEMNON, WITH THE ATLANTIC CABLE ON BOARD, IN THE GREAT STORM ON THE 20TH AND 21ST OF JUNE, 1858.

Fireworks in the Park.

By six o'clock a crowd had begun to assemble in the Park, and by half-past seven, at least one hundred thousand persons must have been assembled. A denser or more numerous crowd never stood before the City Hall. The pyrotechnic display commenced at about half-past seven p.m. with the usual discharge of rockets, beside which a number of fire balloons were sent up among the stars. After a brilliant display of these projectile pyrotechnics, together with myriads of Roman candles, rising and falling in ceaseless ebullition, the "set-pieces" were lighted. The City Hall itself was illuminated as it has never been before, a candle being placed in every pane of glass in its extensive front; but the brilliancy arising from this intense light was paled by the many-colored glow which was emitted by the pyrotechnics on the front and wings.

Among the principal devices was a fiery legend on the west wing to the following effect: "New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company—Peter Cooper, President." Another design had the words, "Atlantic Telegraph Company, William Brown, President." But the principal feature was the centrepiece forming the close to the display, which represented a British steamer and an American clipper-ship, supported by the American and British ensigns, surmounted by an eagle, on a radiating field, and by the words, "All honor to Cyrus W. Field." This beautiful device elicited cheer after cheer from the spectators, who gradually dispersed after its extinction, and by ten o'clock the Park was nearly empty.

The Illumination of Broadway.

Not only hotels, theatres and other buildings devoted to the use of the public, but numbers of private dwellings were illuminated and adorned with transparencies so soon as night set in. The large hat store near Fulton street was covered with transparencies, and its neighbor, Barrum's Museum, was, of course, resplendent. Every window was lit up, and the attendant band discoursed more lively music than is usual even at this mirthful place. Tryon row was well lit up; but the splendor of the Astor House threw, metaphorically speaking, all other illuminations into the shade. On the right of its massive portico was a transparency with the inscription, "Who hath laid the measure, thereof, if thou knowest, or who hath stretched the line upon it?"—Job xxxviii. 5; and on the other side was the quotation, "Let the floods clap their hands."—Ps. xcviii. 8. Fireworks were displayed upon the wings, and rockets sent up to mingle with the discharge from the City Hall.

During the afternoon much astonishment had been caused in Broadway by the sound of aerial artillery, and it was not for some time that the gazers upward discovered that the elevated roar proceeded from a small cannon firing salutes from the roof of this hotel.

Passing the brilliant Park, numerous illuminations and transparencies continued the luminous chain, an important link in which was the brightly lit up establishment of Bowen & McNamee, with several transparencies, the largest of which had an elaborately humorous inscription appropriate to the time.

On the other side of Broadway, the International Hotel was gorgeously illuminated, displaying also an international inscription, commencing with the name (in large caps) of the Queen of Great Britain and ending with that of the President of the United States.

The other hotels were also finely illuminated, and the private houses in the higher part of Broadway, both above and below Fourteenth street, were extensively decorated and lit up. Still higher up town and in the avenues, as well as through all the length of the Bowery, bonfires and tar barrels blazed and crackled, and every engine-house in the city was illuminated, as well as nearly all the police stations. In fact, New York was in a blaze; but the greatest, although most unfortunate feature of the occasion was reserved for the hour of midnight.

Burning of the City Hall.

At a few minutes after twelve o'clock flames were observed to issue from the clock-tower of the City Hall, and the bellringer in the cupola was driven almost immediately from his post by the intolerable heat. As a consequence, the alarm could not be communicated to the engine-houses, and before the fire-bells elsewhere could be sounded, the clock-tower was wrapt in flames. The spectacle was magnificent, and attracted new crowds to the Park, who gazed in admiration on the destructive grandeur of the burning tower. Nearly an hour elapsed before the engines began to arrive, and by the time they reached the Park the clock had fallen in, the statue of Justice—so familiar a sight to every New Yorker—had disappeared in the fiery glow, and the conflagration was at its height. Not without difficulty, the flames were at length subdued, after the total destruction of the clock-tower and of part of the roof. During the fire, officers were stationed at the doors of the Mayor's office, the Common Pleas rooms, and other apartments, with instructions to remove the records and valuables in case the fire should spread; but fortunately these rooms were not endangered. Great damage was, however, caused by water, and many of the valuable paintings in the Governor's room were irreparably injured. Fifty thousand dollars are needed to repair the damage—an expensive addition to the cost of the city's joy!

Financial View of the Ocean Telegraph in England.

Immediately on the receipt of the telegram announcing the successful laying of the cable, the Atlantic Telegraph shares of £1,000 each, which were offered at £340, advanced to a nominal quotation of £600 to £800. Later in the day it was found that holders were extremely firm, and the final price was £880 to £920. The first through message from New York is now awaited with the utmost interest, and most persons connected with the American trade are sanguine of the permanent impulse it will give to the commercial intercourse of the two countries, and the economy it will also effect by frequently preventing the profitless shipment backward and forward of goods or specie.

The financial and general position of the Atlantic Telegraph Company now appears to be as follows: Their original paid up capital was £350,000, and this has since been increased to £450,000, an additional £31,000 having been raised a short time back, and £75,000 in shares having been created to be handed over in payment for the exclusive privileges assigned to the company, immediately on the successful completion of the undertaking. Although the amount to participate in dividend is £450,000, the capital actually received is £381,000. Out of this the charge of the entire cable has been paid, together with all other expenses, and a small cash balance is still in hand, applicable to the current outlay. It is understood that the only additional capital now intended to be raised is the small sum that will bring the total to £500,000, and which is required for the stations, &c., that remain to be established.

The colonial concessions of the company give them an exclusive right for fifty years as regards the Newfoundland coast and the shores of Labrador and Prince Edward Island, and twenty-five years as regards Breton Island. They have also a similar privilege for twenty-five years from the State of Maine. From the respective Governments of Great Britain and the United States the terms obtained are a payment of £14,000 per annum from each, for the transmission of their messages for fifty years, until the dividend amounts to six per cent. on the original capital of £350,000, after which each Government is to pay £10,000 a year, such payment to be dependent on the efficient working of the line. Previously to the failure of the first expedition, which

sailed on the 4th of August, 1857, and lost 383 miles of cable, the £1,000 shares touched about £1,150 or £1,200, and the lowest point has been £300, a sale having been made at that price since the attempt last June, when there was an additional loss of 480 miles. On the present occasion it appears that nearly 500 miles of cable remain, the total paid out from the two ships having been only 2,022 miles.

At the latest accounts the holders of the telegraph shares refused to take less than par to £50 premium.

SIGNOR RICCO ROCCO.

MISS ISORA BEAL was a young lady of sixteen, unaffected, good-hearted and pretty. It must be confessed that she was also somewhat empty-headed and vain; but as these qualities are peculiar to a very large proportion of her sisterhood, they were not particularly noticeable. She possessed, besides, another trait, which used to be tolerated in the young, but which has of late gone quite out of date along with the old-fashioned virtues—she was romantic.

I know not how to account for this circumstance, except by connecting it with the apparently incongruous fact of her having been educated in a nunnery.

From these "cloistered walls" the poor child, who was an orphan, had just emerged to begin her little career in the world, and to take the head of her old bachelor uncle's establishment.

That worthy gentleman, through shrewd enough in his way, had about as much idea of the internal structure of a girl's heart as I have of the process by which flowers are introduced, or made to grow, in the middle of those curious glass balls one sees everywhere. (Tormenting little problems that they are—they always perplex me as the apples in the pudding did poor King George—I must still be wondering how they were got in!)

Of course Isora had never entered a theatre. She was now sixteen years of age, when, exposed to histrionic infection, she took the theatrical fever with uncommon virulence.

When Signor Ricco Rocco, the famous tenor, first broke on Isora's sight in a bandit's costume (which is well known to consist of loose leather boots, a red sash garnished with pistols and daggers, and a velvet cap with a bobbing black plume), she felt that, for the first time in her life, she was in the presence of a hero. Her eager eyes were bent upon him, and her heart almost stopped beating.

Signor Ricco Rocco took two steps forward and stopped with a jerk, and by repeating this manoeuvre several times, advanced to the front of the stage.

Isora's heart beat quickly again, and a flush of excitement rose to her cheek. "He realizes my ideal!" she murmured.

After rather an awkward pause on the part of the bandit, during which the orchestra got through with the prelude, he executed a sentimental aria, in a melancholy way, with first one hand and then the other alternately pressed to his heart, and sawing the air.

Isora heard the mournful strain with deep emotion. "To think he should be unhappy!" she sighed, and the brimming tears were in her eyes. All was reality to her, silly child!

The whole evening was one of intense excitement and novel sensations to Isora; and the worst of it was that at this dangerous crisis she had not even the safety-valve of a confidante. Neither sister, mother, nor "dearest friend" was at hand; and when the poor, lonely child, in search of sympathy with her emotions during a very trying scene, glanced round timidly at her uncle, she was shocked to perceive that worthy personage sound asleep. She woke him instantly, that he might not lose the treat.

Though the fact I have mentioned would tend to prove that the uncle did not enjoy opera-going much for its own sake, he delighted to give pleasure to his niece, nor did he see anything amiss or suspicious in her vehement entreaties to be taken every night while the opera lasted. He therefore went and slept, and Isora went and felt—or thought she felt—which answers as well sometimes—herself in love.

The season was a long one, and things went on till the silly little thing, carried away by all sorts of sentimentalities and delusions, was firmly convinced her heart was lost beyond recall.

This topic filled her head so completely that, having, as I have said, no female confidante, she one day, in utter inability to keep such a secret pent up any longer, hinted the state of the case to her uncle himself. The good man was agast. Such a contingency had never presented itself to his imagination.

"In love with Signor Ricco Rocco, indeed!" he exclaimed, half amused and half enraged.

"Yes, indeed, uncle; so much in love, that—that I don't know what to do."

"In love! Bah! Do you know what will cure you?"

"No, uncle," she replied.

"An ounce of sense!" said he. And thoroughly vexed and annoyed, the uncle left the niece alone to ponder on his prescription. As to whether this remedy was applied or not, uncle and niece differ; at all events, it was not successful.

"Isora began to 'peek and pine.' All her merry ways, her girlish gaiety, deserted her. She moped—grew sorrowful—almost ugly; a very common effect of moping, gentle reader, believe me, though novel-writers never mention it.

This state of things forced itself on the attention of the uncle, who might otherwise have never again recurred to the absurd confession of his niece. As it was, he was constantly reminded of it.

He missed the life and gaiety which had swept like a breeze of spring through his musty old house when Isora first entered it. He hated to see a pale, lack-a-daisical girl poking languidly about, instead of the fresh, lively, saucy thing who had amused him a few weeks before. He was one of the gentlest and kindest of men, but he was a man after all; and therefore it is probable Isora might have fretted herself to death without opposition, if she could have done so without diminishing his comfort or enjoyment; but, as the case was, he felt the necessity of effort, and he bent his vigorous and practical mind to a removal of the difficulty. The result of much intense study and deliberation was an invitation to Signor Ricco Rocco to dine with him.

Isora was informed of this arrangement, and after thanking her uncle from the very depth of her fluttering little heart for his great and delicate kindness, ran off to choose betimes the dress in which to array herself on the momentous occasion.

The day and hour came. (Isora began to think they never would.) She had been consulting her mirror all the morning, and was now dressed with simple elegance, walking up and down the drawing-room with her uncle, awaiting the arrival of her distinguished guest.

In her innocent delight she could not help telling her only confidante how handsome and interesting she thought the signor, and her opinion that all the world must see his very great resemblance to the noble and chivalric Sir Walter Raleigh.

To all this the wily uncle said little or nothing; though his shoulders would shrug a little, and a mysterious grunt, which puzzled Isora, now and then escaped him.

A ring at the bell. Isora dragged her uncle to the door to listen, and then back to the farthest corner of the room, as she heard the step of the visitor approaching.

A moment more, and she was in the presence of her hero. He was shaking hands with her uncle—her uncle was introducing him to her; without finding courage to raise her eyes, she could only blush deeply and bow her head before him.

For the first few moments she desired nothing more. It was enough to know herself in the presence, to know that the cherished object of her adoration—her hero—her ideal, was near her—in the same room. But as it is a law in the human heart always to make an attained happiness the step by which to mount to another higher yet, Isora in time overcame her timidity; she raised her eyes, and saw—a middle-aged gentleman, red-faced, and fat.

It was our heroine's instantaneous conviction that an impudent hoax had been played off on her.

That the elegant lover! the chivalric hero! the brave soldier, with whose appearance she was so familiar from her seat in the boxes! No, she could not, would not believe it! It was only through her uncle's somewhat ostentatious iteration of the name of "Ricco Rocco," that she could in any way connect the impostor before her with the princely person she had heretofore known under that title.

The belief that her uncle was attempting to play off a trick upon her was confirmed at dinner-time, as she observed the guest's half-bred manners and voracious appetite. It ripened into certainty during a conversation she had with him after they returned to the drawing-room.

Her uncle had been called away for a short time by a business visitant, and in a short *l'été-à-l'été* during his absence the signor became so confidential as to inform Isora, in broken English, that he had probably broken more hearts than any man living, and, at the present time, more than twenty young ladies were doomed victims to his dangerous attractions.

Perfectly disgusted with his overweening vanity, and embarrassed by a confidence so unsolicited and undesired, Isora was thankful for the reappearance of her uncle in time to obviate the necessity of a reply which she knew not how to frame.

Ere long the guest departed, and the uncle immediately demanded, "Well, Isy, what do you think of your Signor Ricco Rocco now?"

"Ah, uncle," answered Isora, smiling reproachfully as she patted his cheek with her fan, "do you think I don't see through you and your plans?"

The uncle changed countenance visibly, and with rather a conscience-stricken look, asked what she meant.

"Why, of course, uncle, I'm only a silly girl, and not hard to out-wit, I dare say; but your trick is rather too palpable to impose even upon me. That red-faced man Signor Ricco Rocco, indeed! He was more like Daniel Lambert!"

The uncle suddenly recovered his spirits.

"Oh! that is the view you take of it, my little darling, is it?" he cried, rubbing his hands gleefully. "Then I'm all right, for I can tell you, on my word of honor, that our visitor was Signor Ricco Rocco himself in *propria persona*, as sure as I'm the best of uncles."

But Isora was still unconvinced. She could not doubt her uncle's word; but neither could she realise any identification of the two widely-different individuals claiming the same name. She had still the impression that some deception was being practised upon her.

Her uncle, perceiving her doubts, wisely proposed another visit to the opera, assuring his niece that though she could not discern Signor Ricco Rocco in their guest, she would not find it so difficult to trace their guest in Signor Ricco Rocco.

To her amazement Isora found this prediction true. The next night, in spite of disguise, paint and stage illusions, their fat guest of the previous day stood constantly before her. She was cured.

Some years afterwards Isora married a plain, sensible man, with nothing of the hero about him except a noble, loving heart, but whom she managed to love devotedly, notwithstanding.

Her uncle made one of her household, and exercised a great influence over her; for it was observable that whenever anything did not go as he approved, or his niece was about to act in any way he considered foolish, he had but to pronounce the mysterious words, "Ricco Rocco!" to reduce her to instant obedience to his wishes.

A Mother's Lesson.—Truth is a subject of such deep importance that mothers cannot too frequently dilate on it, nor impress it too strongly on the minds of their children, which can only be done by gentle and persuasive means and good example; harshness and severity invariably elicit deceit and falsehood.

It is related of a Persian mother that, on giving her son forty pieces of silver as his portion, she made him swear never to tell a lie, and said, "Go, my son, I consign thee to God, and we shall not meet again till the day of judgment."

The youth went away and the party he travelled with was assaulted by robbers.

One fellow asked the boy "What he had got?" He replied, "Forty dinars are sewed up in my garments."

He laughed, thinking the lad jesting. Another questioned him and received the same answer. At last the chief called him and asked the same question.

He said, "I have already told two of your people that I have forty dinars sewed up in my clothes."

The clothes were ripped open and the money found. "And how came you to tell me this?" he inquired.

"Because," replied the child, "I would not be false to my mother, whom I promised never to tell a lie."

The robber, touched with the simplicity of the child, returned the money and so rewarded that he should be allowed to pursue his journey without further molestation.

A Century Ago.—A very strange and instructive masquerade might be formed by collecting together ladies and gentlemen dressed in the various fashions of the last hundred years. We give a specimen in the following description of a bride and bridegroom a hundred years since: "To begin with the lady. Her locks were strained over an immense cushion that sat like an incubus on her head, and plastered over with pomatum, and then sprinkled over with a shower of white powder. The height of this tower was somewhat over a foot. One single white rosebud lay on its top, like an eagle on a hay rack. Over her neck and bosom was folded a lace handkerchief, fastened in front by a bosom pin rather larger than a collar, containing your grandfather's miniature set in virgin gold. Her airy form was braced up in a satin dress, the sleeves as tight as the natural skin of the arm, with a waist formed by a bodice, worn outside, from whence the skirt flowed off, and was distended at the top by an ample hoop. Shoes of white kid, with peaked toes, and heels of two or three inches elevation, inclosed her feet, and glittered with spangles as her little pedal members peeped curiously out. Now for the swain. His hair was sleeked back and plentifully bedusted, while his cue projected like the handle of a skillet. His coat was a sky blue silk, lined with yellow; his long vest of white satin, embroidered with gold lace, his breeches of the same material, and tied at the knee with pink ribbons. White silk stockings and pumps with laces and ties of the same hue completed the habiliments of his noble lin. Lace ruffles clustered around his wrists, and a portentous frill, worked in correspondence and bearing the miniature of his beloved, finished his truly genteel appearance."

Young Victoria.—If we are to believe all we read about the Princess Frederick William of Prussia, she must possess much of her mother's spirit and common sense. She has evidently been brought up—although the daughter of the richest and proudest sovereign of the world—with extreme simplicity, and not at all in unison with the snobby general notions of continental nobility. Her admiration of her mother were commend to our American young ladies for their imitation. We give two of the latest anecdotes:

"A Prussian Princess is not allowed by her Mistress of the Robes to take up a chair. It was while committing such an act that Princess Victoria was caught by Countess Perponcher. This venerable lady remonstrated with a very considerable degree of official earnestness. 'I'll tell you what,' replied, nothing daunted, the royal heroine of this story, 'I'll tell you what, my dear Countess, you are probably aware of the fact of my mother being the Queen of England.' The Countess bowed in assent. 'Well,' resumed the bold princess, 'then I must reveal to you another fact. Her Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland has not once, but very often so far forgotten herself as to take up a chair. I speak from personal observation, I can assure you. Nay, if I am not greatly deceived, I noticed, one day, my mother carrying a chair in each hand, in order to set them for her children. Do you think that my dignity forbids anything which is frequently done by the Queen of England?' The Countess bowed again and retired, perhaps not without a little astonishment at the biographical information she had heard.

"A scene similar to the one narrated recently happened when Countess Perponcher, on entering one of the remote chambers, took the princess by surprise while busily engaged in the homely occupation of arranging and sewing away a quantity of linen. But all objections the Countess could urge were again beaten back by another equally unanswerable argument, taken from the every-day life of the mistress of Windsor Castle."

Equally sensible are her remarks on the over-dressing of domestics: "The chambermaids in silk dresses. The daughter of the richest sovereign in the world decided to put a stop to this extravagance. One fine morning she had all the female servants summoned to her presence, and delivered what may be considered her highly successful maiden speech. She began by telling them the expense of their dresses must evidently exceed the rate of their wages. She added that, as their wages were not to be raised, it would be very fortunate for them if they were allowed to assume cotton articles of clothing. 'In order to prevent every misunderstanding,' the princess continued, 'I shall not only permit, but order you to do so. You must know that there ought always to be a difference in the dress of mistress and servant. Don't think that I want to hurt your feelings; you will understand my intention at once when I tell you that—' and now came the same unanswerable argument from the court of St. James's. She told them briefly that at that court people in their position performed their duties in cotton, and that she liked to be ruled by her mother's practice."

MISCELLANEOUS.

E. F. WOODWARD,
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COLUMBIAN SKIRT
AND
SPRING MANUFACTURER.

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nearest to perfection.

Few articles of Dress are brought before the public with
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EXPANSION SKIRT.

Each Manufacturer looks with swelling pride upon his
own productions, and, like the old adage of the crow, is
ready to attest that his own is the fairest and whitest. The
continual advances, vexations and difficulties experienced
by wearing the rigid Steel Hoop or Skeleton Skirt, needs no
comment. The universal want of something that will ren-
der this healthful garment, the

EXPANSION SKIRT,
less objectionable, has been my study as well as my good
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SKIRT AND SPRING
that is matchless. It stands alone, being the only really
EXPANSION AND COMPRESSIBLE SKIRT

that possesses a combined metallic and animal spring, of
great strength and durability, that is every way pliable,
imparting

GRACE AND BEAUTY, AND EASE, WITH MODESTY,
preventing every elegant displacement of dress, and per-
mitting the smallest piece to be occupied in church, car-
riage, railroad car, omnibus, &c., without mortification to
the wearer or inconvenience to others. The skirts also
attendant upon wearing the rigid Steel Hoop Skirt are en-
tirely removed, viz., accidents by fire (by permitting the
garment to be immediately compressed) attraction of the
electric fluid, entanglement of the feet in the exposed
spring, when ascending or descending stairs, steps of car-
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fully attest their superiority over all other known Skirts
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perfect Beautifier of the Skin. Tan, Sun-burn, Freckles,
Redness, &c., it will speedily and completely remove.

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To every tailor, seamstress, dressmaker, and each large
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The cows feed in water on the best of Hay and Wheat, in
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A compound of Cocoon Oil, &c., for dressing the
Hair. For efficacy and agreeableness it is without a rival.

It prevents the hair from falling off.
It promotes its healthy and vigorous growth.
It is not greasy or sticky.
It leaves no disagreeable odor.
It softens the hair when hard and dry.
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It affords the richest luster.
It remains longest in effect.
It costs fifty cents for a half-pint bottle.

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by all who have used it to be the best and cheapest Hair
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FIFTEEN AND FIFTY DOLLAR

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The Fifteen Dollar Sewing Machine is the best cheap
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ELECTION NOTICE.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE,
ALBANY, August 28, 1888.

To the Sheriff of the County of New York:

SIR—NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT
at the General Election, to be held in this
State on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of No-
vember next, the following officers are to be elected, to
wit:

A Governor, in the place of John A. King;

A Lieutenant-Governor, in the place of Henry R. Selden;

A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Samuel B.

Ruggles, appointed in place of Samuel S. Whallon, de-
ceased;

An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of William A.

Russell;

All whose term of office will expire on the last day of
December next;

A Representative in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the
United States, for the Third Congressional District, com-
posed of the First, Second, Third, Fifth and Eighth Wards
in the City of New York;

A Representative in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the
United States, for the Fourth Congressional District, com-
posed of the Fourth, Sixth, Tenth and Fourteenth Wards
in the City of New York;

A Representative in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the
United States, for the Fifth Congressional District, com-
posed of the Seventh and Thirteenth Wards in the City of
New York, and the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth and
Sixteenth Wards of Brooklyn;

A Representative in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the
United States, for the Sixth Congressional District, com-
posed of the Eleventh, Fifteenth and Seventeenth Wards in
the City of New York;

A Representative in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the
United States, for the Seventh Congressional District, com-
posed of the Ninth, Sixteenth and Twentieth Wards in the
City of New York.

And also, a Representative in the Thirty-sixth Congress
of the United States, for the Eighth Congressional District,
composed of the Twelfth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twen-
ty-first and Twenty-second Wards in the City of New York.

COUNTY OFFICERS ALSO TO BE ELECTED FOR SAID
COUNTY

Seventeen Members of Assembly;

A Sheriff, in the place of James C. Willett;

A County Clerk in the place of Richard C. Connolly;

Four Commissioners in the place of Frederick W. Perry, Ed-
ward D. Connerly, Robert Gamble and Samuel C. Hills;

All of whose terms of office will expire on the last day of
December next.

The attention of Inspectors of Election and County Can-
vassers is directed to Chap. 320 of Laws of 1888, a copy of
which is printed herewith, for instructions in regard to
their duties under said law, "submitting the question of
calling a Convention to revise the Constitution and amend
the same to the people of the State."

CHAP. 320.

AN ACT to submit the question of calling a Convention to
revise the Constitution and amend the same, to the peo-
ple of the State:

Passed April 17, 1888—three-fifths being present.

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate
and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. The Inspectors of election in each town, ward
and election district in this State, at the annual election to
be held in November next, shall provide a proper box to
receive the ballots of the citizens of this State entitled to
vote for members of the Legislature at such election. On
such ballot shall be written or printed, or partly written or
printed, by those voters who are in favor of a Convention to
revise the Constitution and amend the same, the words: "Shall there be a Convention to revise the Constitution and amend the same?" And by those voters who are
opposed thereto, the words: "Shall there be a Convention
to revise the Constitution and amend the same?" No.

And all citizens entitled to vote at aforesaid shall be allowed
to vote by ballot as aforesaid, in the election district in
which he resides, and not elsewhere.

§ 2. So much of articles one, two and three, of title
four, of chapter one hundred and thirty, of an act entitled,
"An act respecting elections other than for militia and town
officers," passed April fifth, eighteen hundred and forty-
two, and the acts amending the same, as regulates the
manner of conducting elections and challenges, oaths to be
administered, and inquiries to be made, of persons offering
to vote, shall be deemed applicable to the votes to be given
or offered under this act; and the manner of voting and
challenges, and the penalties for false swearing, prescribed
by law, are hereby declared in full force and effect in voting
or offering to vote under this act.

§ 3. The said votes given for and against a convention,
in pursuance of this act, shall be canvassed by the inspec-
tors of the several election districts or polls of the said
election in the manner prescribed by law, and as provided
in article four, of title four, of chapter one hundred and
thirty of the said act, passed April fifth, eighteen hundred
and forty-two, and the acts amending the same, as far as
the same are applicable; and such canvass shall be com-
pleted by ascertaining the whole number of votes given in
each election district or poll for a convention, and the
whole number of votes given against such convention, in
the form aforesaid; and the result being found, the inspec-
tors shall make a statement in words, at full length, of the
number of ballots received in relation to such convention,
and shall also state in words, at full length, the whole
number of ballots having thereon the words, "Shall there
be a Convention to revise the Constitution and amend the
same?" Yes." And also the whole number of ballots
having thereon the words, "Shall there be a Convention
to revise the Constitution and amend the same?" No."

Such statements as aforesaid shall contain a caption,
stating the day on which, and the number of the district,
the town or ward, and the county at which the election
was held, and at the end thereof a certificate that such
statement is correct in all respects, which certificate shall
be subscribed by all the inspectors, and a true copy of
such statement shall be immediately filed by them in the
office of the clerk of the town or city.

§ 4. The original statements, duly certified as aforesaid,
shall be delivered by the inspectors, or one of them, to be
deposited for that purpose, to the supervisor; in case there
be no supervisor, or he shall be disabled from attending
the board of canvassers, then to one of the assessors of
the town or ward, within twenty-four hours after the same
shall have been subscribed by such inspectors, to be dis-
posed of as other statements at such election are now re-
quired by law.

§ 5. So much of articles first, second, third and fourth,
of title fifth, of chapter one hundred and thirty of the act
entitled "An act respecting elections other than for militia
and town officers" and the acts amending the same, as re-
gulate the duties of County Canvassers and their pro-
ceedings, and the duty of County Clerks, and the Secretary
of State, and the Board of State Canvassers, shall be
applied to the canvassing and ascertaining the will of the
people of this State in relation to the proposed convention;
and if it shall appear that a majority of the votes or
ballots given in and returned as aforesaid are against a
convention, then the said canvassers are required to cer-
tify and declare that fact by a certificate, subscribed by
them, and filed by the Secretary of State; but if it shall
appear by the said canvass that a majority of the ballots
or votes given as aforesaid, are for a convention, then they
shall, by like certificate, to be filed as aforesaid, declare
that fact; and the said Secretary shall communicate a
copy of such certificate to both branches of the Legisla-
ture, at the opening of the next session thereof. Yours,
respectfully,

GIDEON J. LUCKER, Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

NEW YORK, August 4, 1888.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the
Secretary of State, and the requirements of the Statute in
such case made and provided.

JAMES C. WILLET.

Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

All the public newspapers in the county will publish the
above once in each week until the election, and then hand
in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be
paid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for pay-
ment. See revised Stat. vol. 1, chap. 6, title 3, article 22,
part 1st, page 140.

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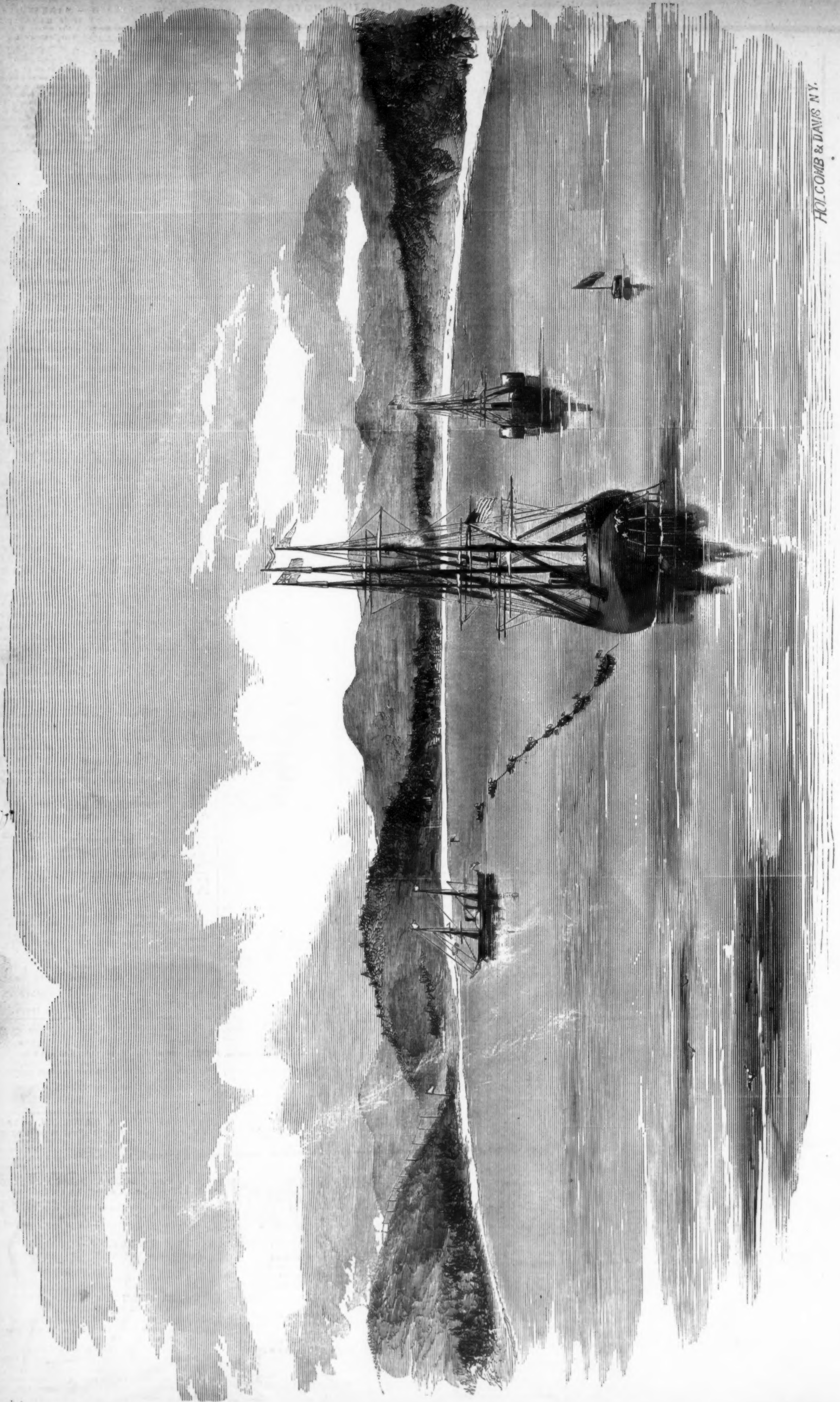
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128-129

CHRONIC DISEASE.—MANKIND ARE

sorely afflicted with chronic maladies; like
the weevil in wheat, and the rot in the potato, it silently
and insidiously consumes away and destroys the vital
principles of the bodies wherein it lurks. Scrofula, con-
sumption, bronchitis, &c., dyspepsia, rheumatism and
gout frequently become chronic, crippling the afflicted with
pains, aches and infirmities that chain them to a life of
misery and woe. Many who are now afflicted with chronic
have inherited their maladies from their parents; others
have contracted their chronic by exposure, indiscretions
and bad treatment of other diseases. In Radway's Renova-
ting Resolvent, aided with the Ready Relief and Regu-
lators, will be found an effectual cure. Under the health-
ful influence of these remedies the whole system becomes
regenerated. At this season, when breakings out, skin
eruptions, pimples, blotches, sores and other evidences of
impure blood appear, a few doses of Rad



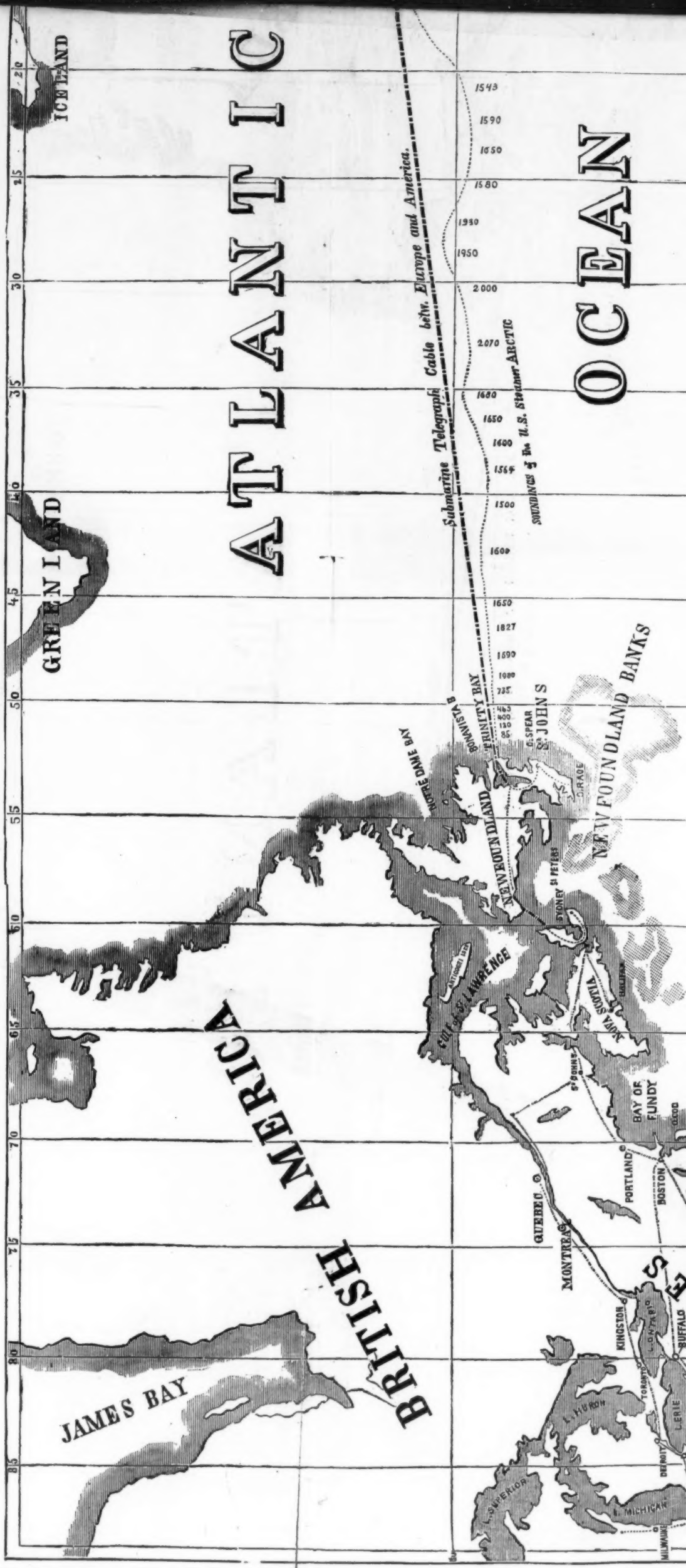
U. S. M. STEAMER PORCUPINE.

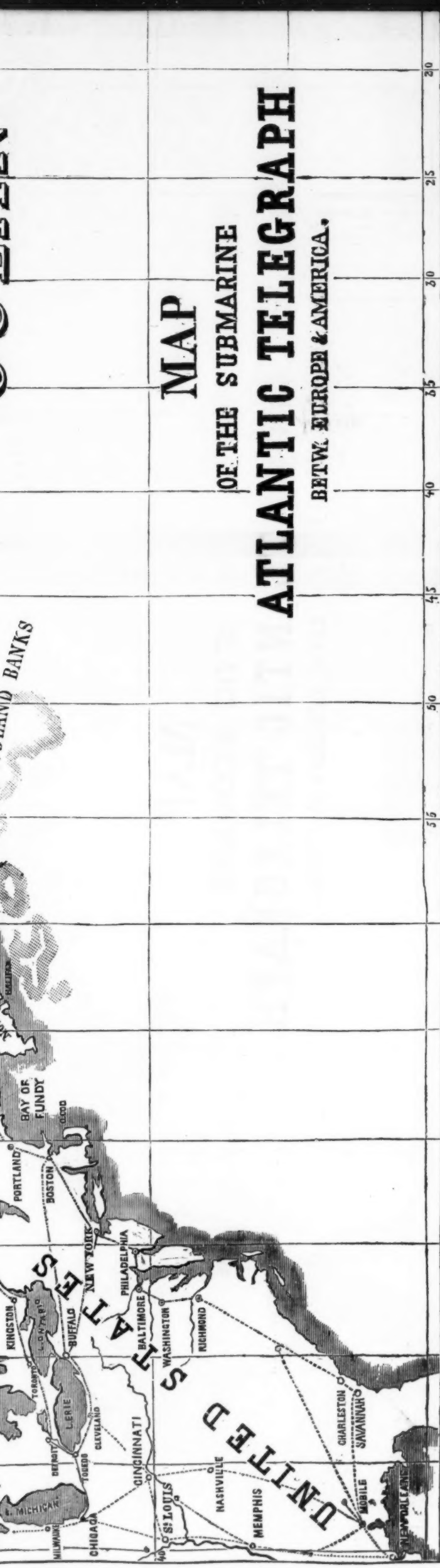
U. S. NIAGARA.

U. S. M. STEAMER GORGON.

LANDING THE AMERICAN END OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE, TRINITY BAY, NEWFOUNDLAND, AT SIX O'CLOCK A. M., AUGUST 5, 1888.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT ON BOARD THE NIAGARA.

A black and white photograph of a book cover. The spine is on the right, dark and textured. The front cover is on the left, light-colored with a dense, dark, irregular pattern that looks like a stain or a very worn texture. The book is standing upright.



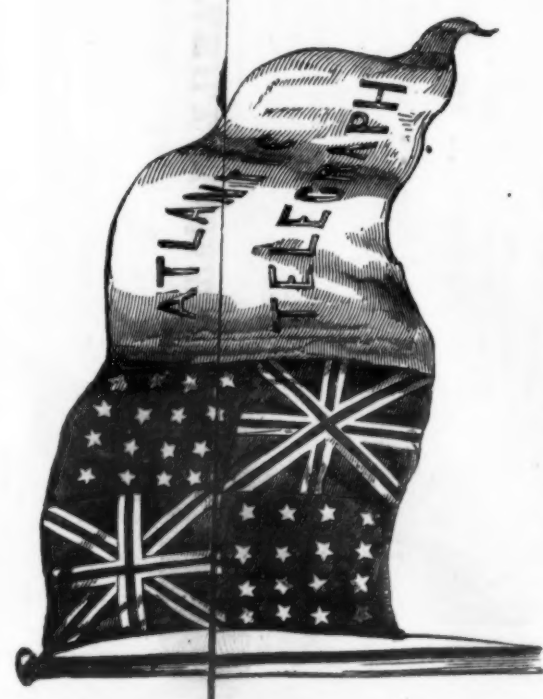


MAP OF THE SUBMARINE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH BETW. EUROPE & AMERICA.

MAP SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE CABLE FROM LONDON TO NEW YORK.



PROFILE OF THE BOTTOM OF THE ATLANTIC BETWEEN VALENTIA BAY, IRELAND, AND ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, AS SOUNDED BY THE U. S. FISH COMMISSION.



INTERNATIONAL TELEGRAPH FLAG.

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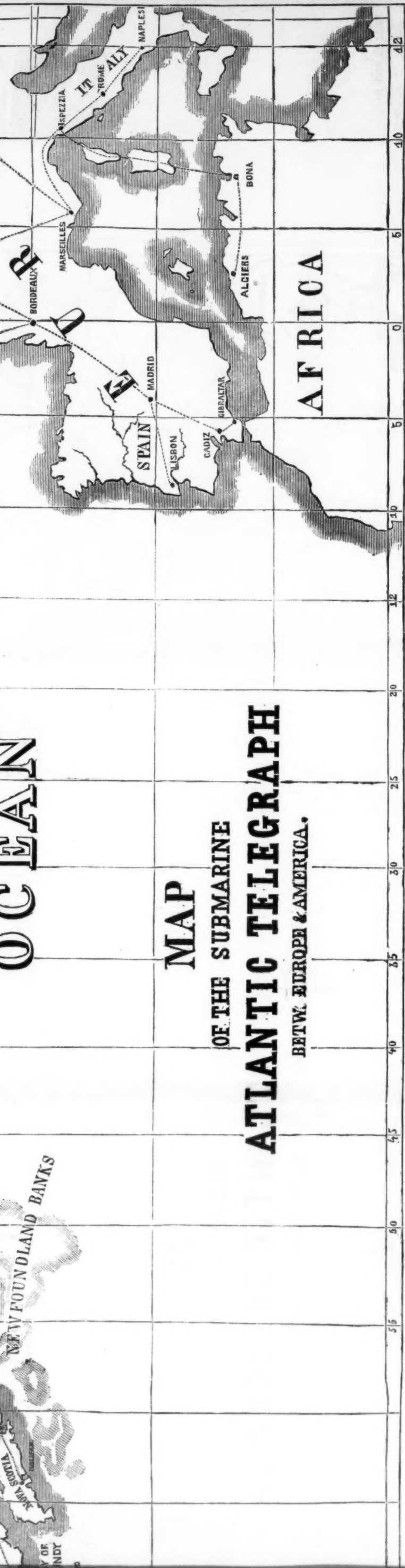
PIECE AND SECTION OF CABLE—EXACT SIZE.

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NEW FOUNDLAND BANKS

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MAP SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE CABLE FROM LONDON TO NEW YORK.

LEVEL OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN



PROFILE OF THE BOTTOM OF THE ATLANTIC BETWEEN VALENTIA BAY, IRELAND, AND ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, AS SOUNDED BY THE U. S. STEAMER ARCTIC, CAPT. O. H. BERRYMAN.

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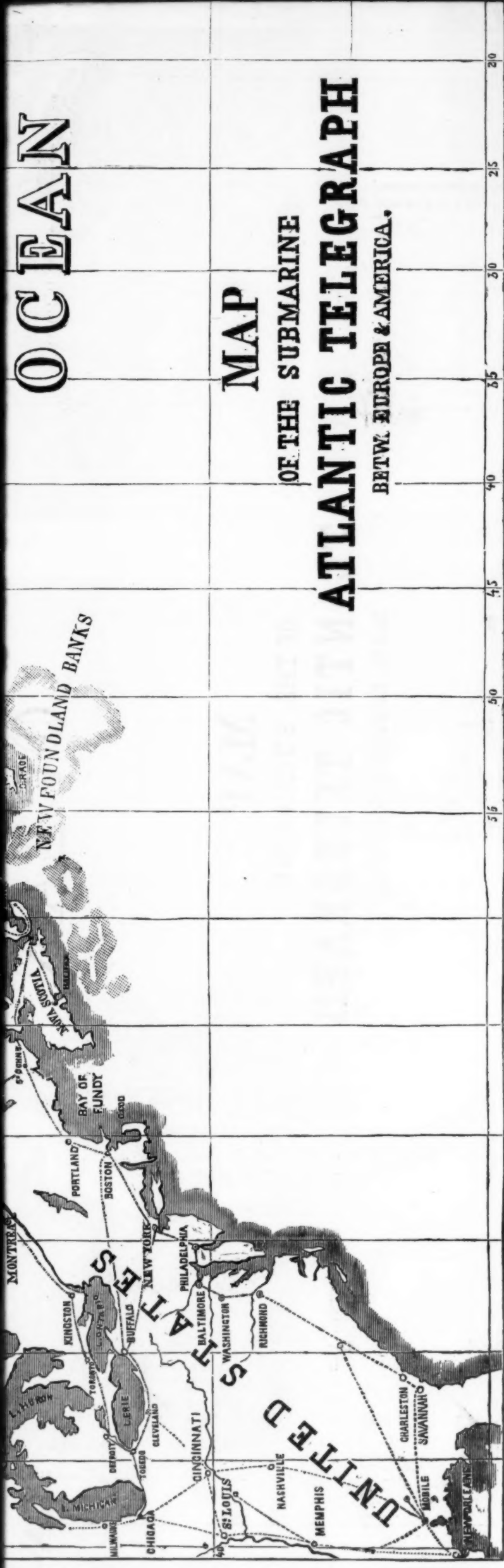
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HIGHLY MAGNIFIED INFUSORIA, BROUGHT UP FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN, IN SOUNDING FOR THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.



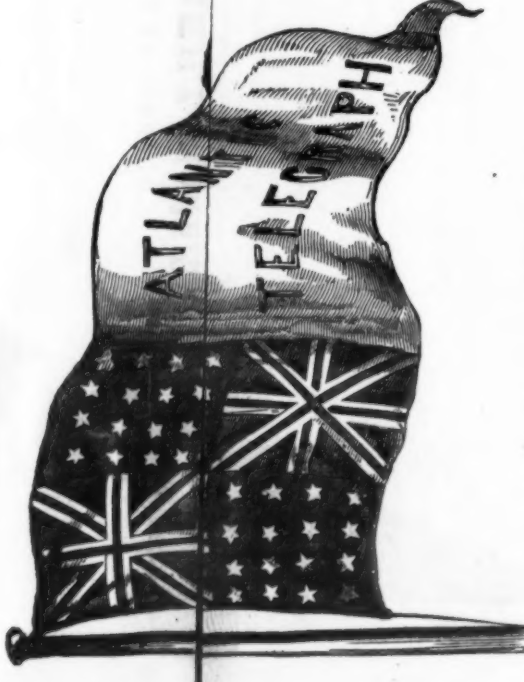


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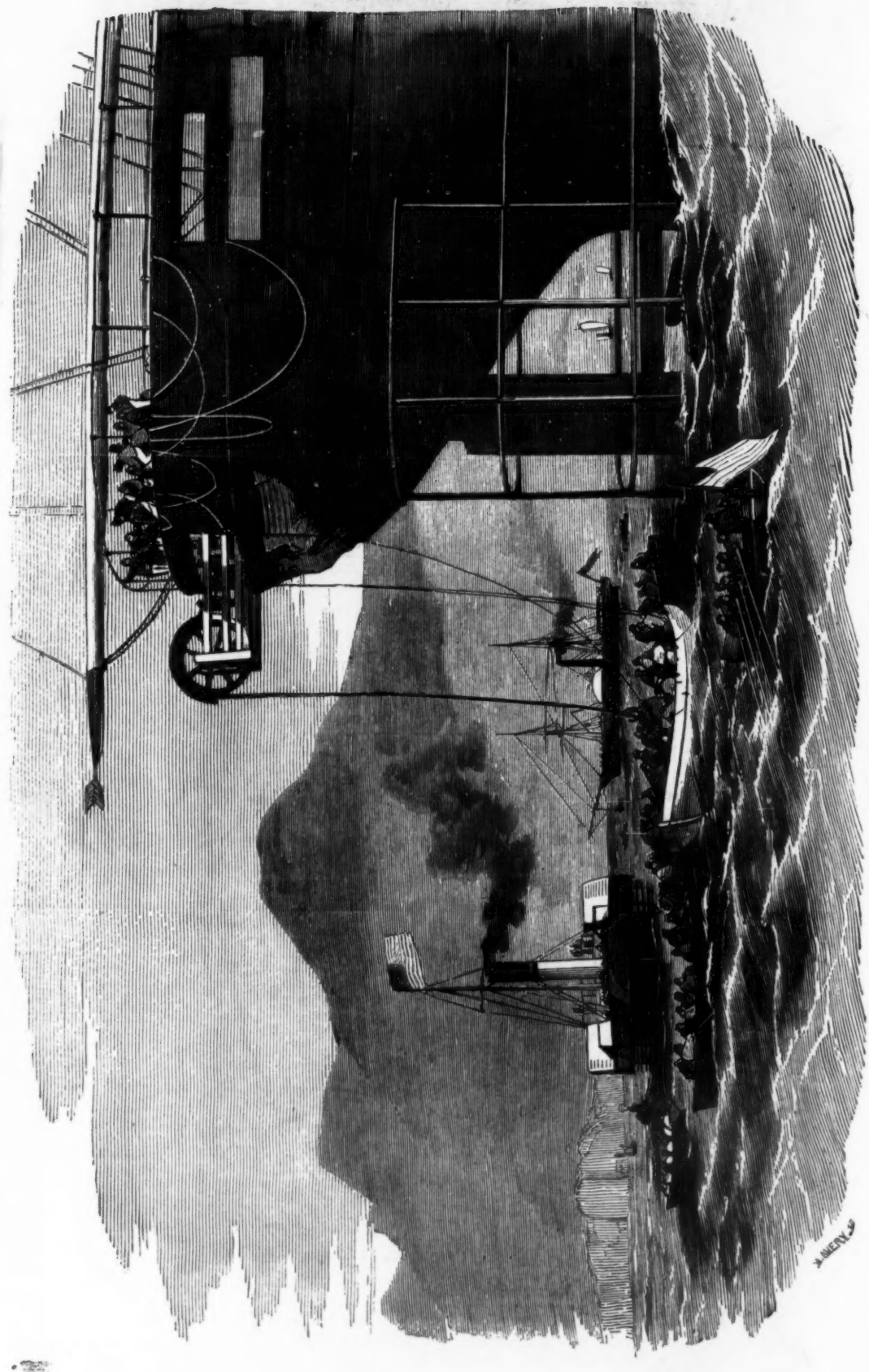


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THE AGAMEMNON, WITH THE ATLANTIC CABLE ON BOARD, IN THE GREAT STORM ON THE 20TH AND 21ST OF JUNE, 1858.

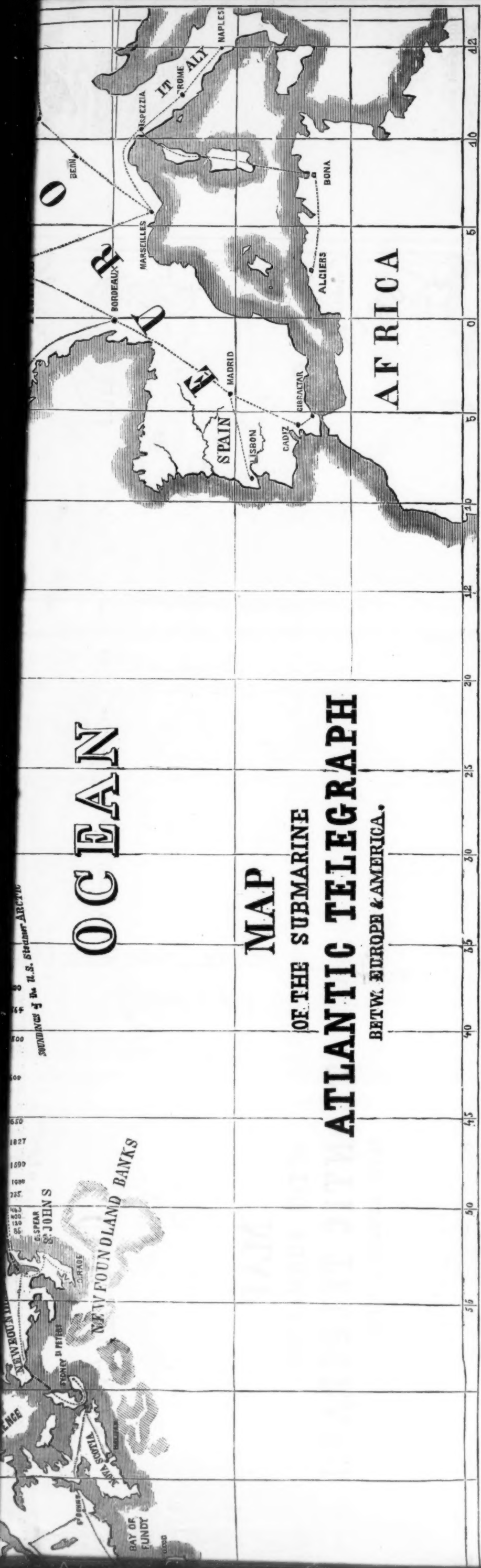
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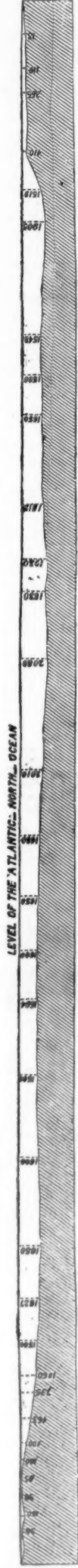
THE STERN OF THE U. S. STEAM-FRIGATE NIAGARA—LOWERING CABLE INTO BOATS.

VALENTIA—CATA





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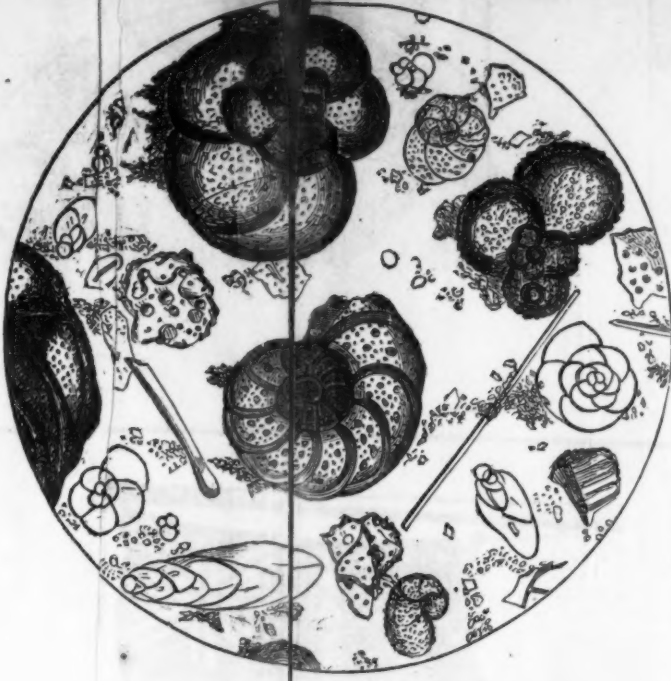
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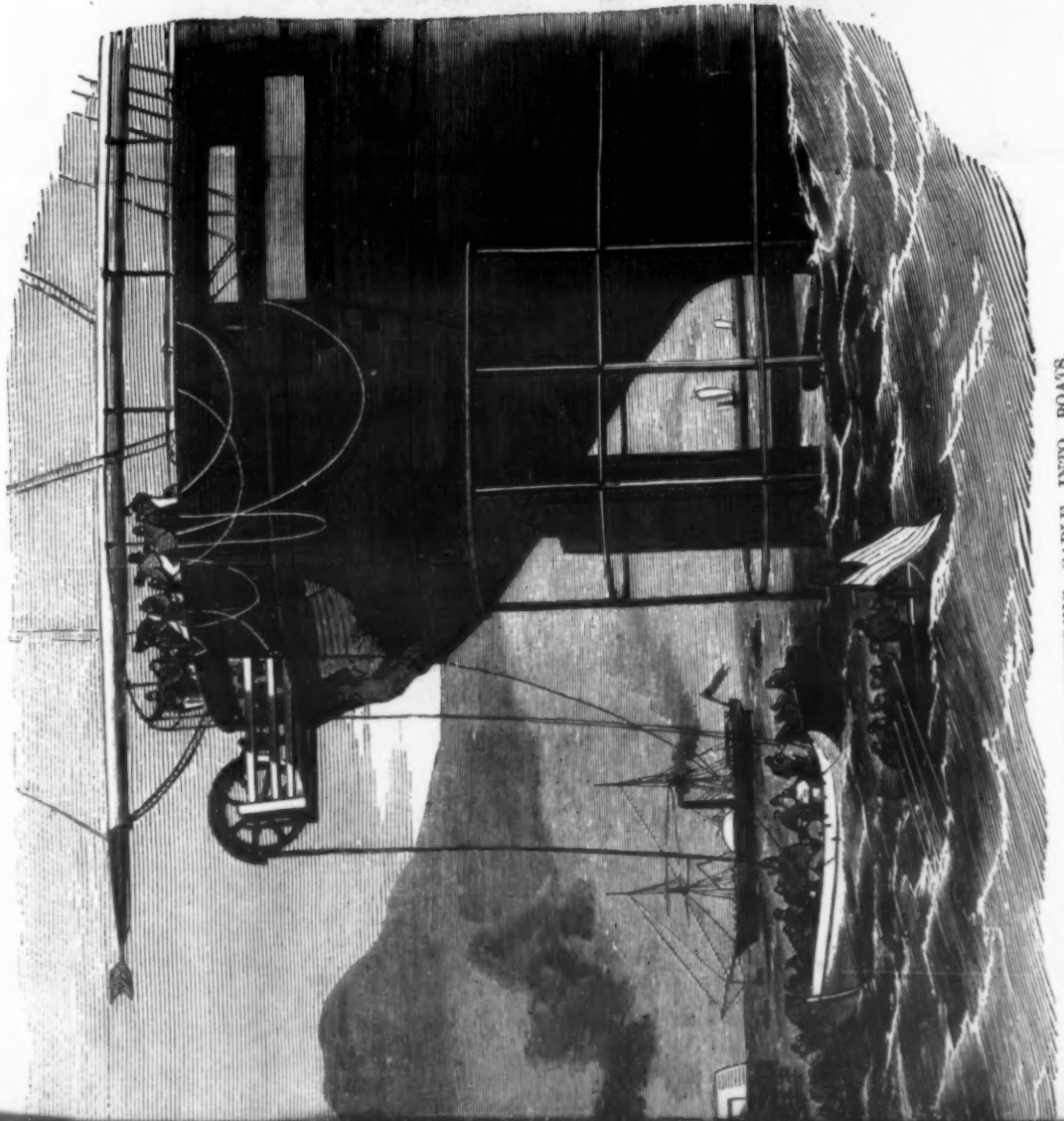


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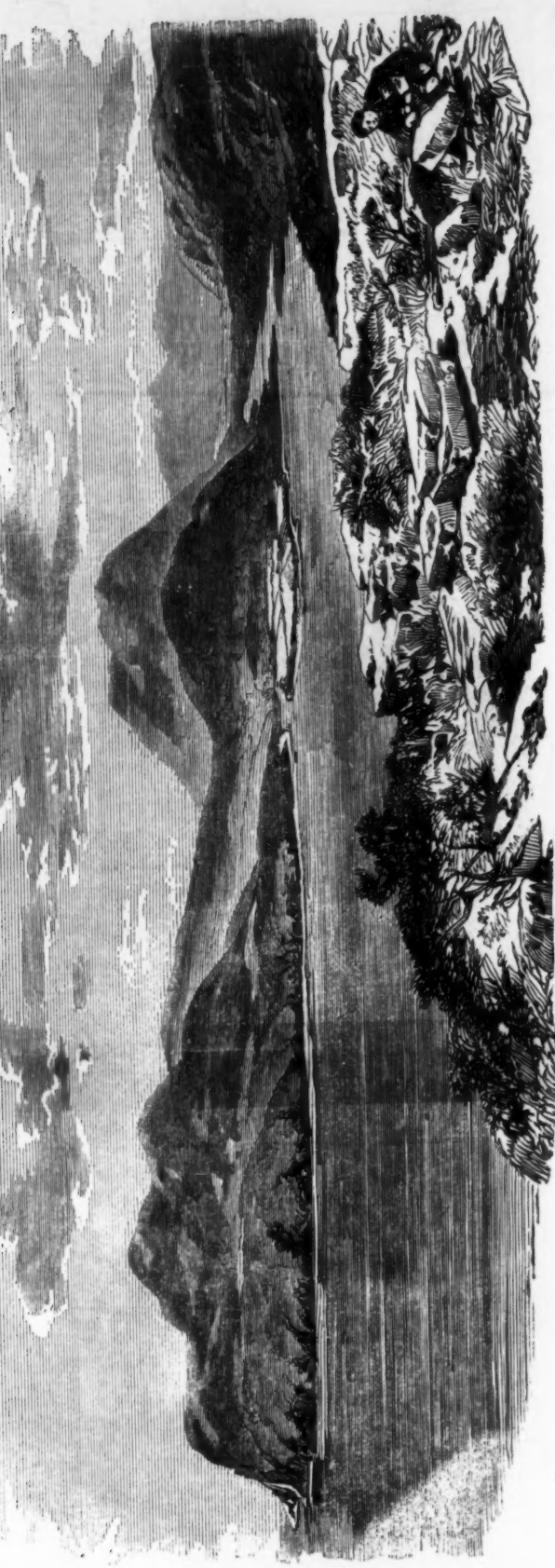




THE CABLE ON BOARD, IN THE GREAT STORM ON THE 20TH AND 21ST OF JUNE, 1858.



THE U. S. STEAM-FRIGATE NIAGARA—LOWERING CABLE INTO BOATS.



• VALENTIA, THE EASTERN LANDING-PLACE OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

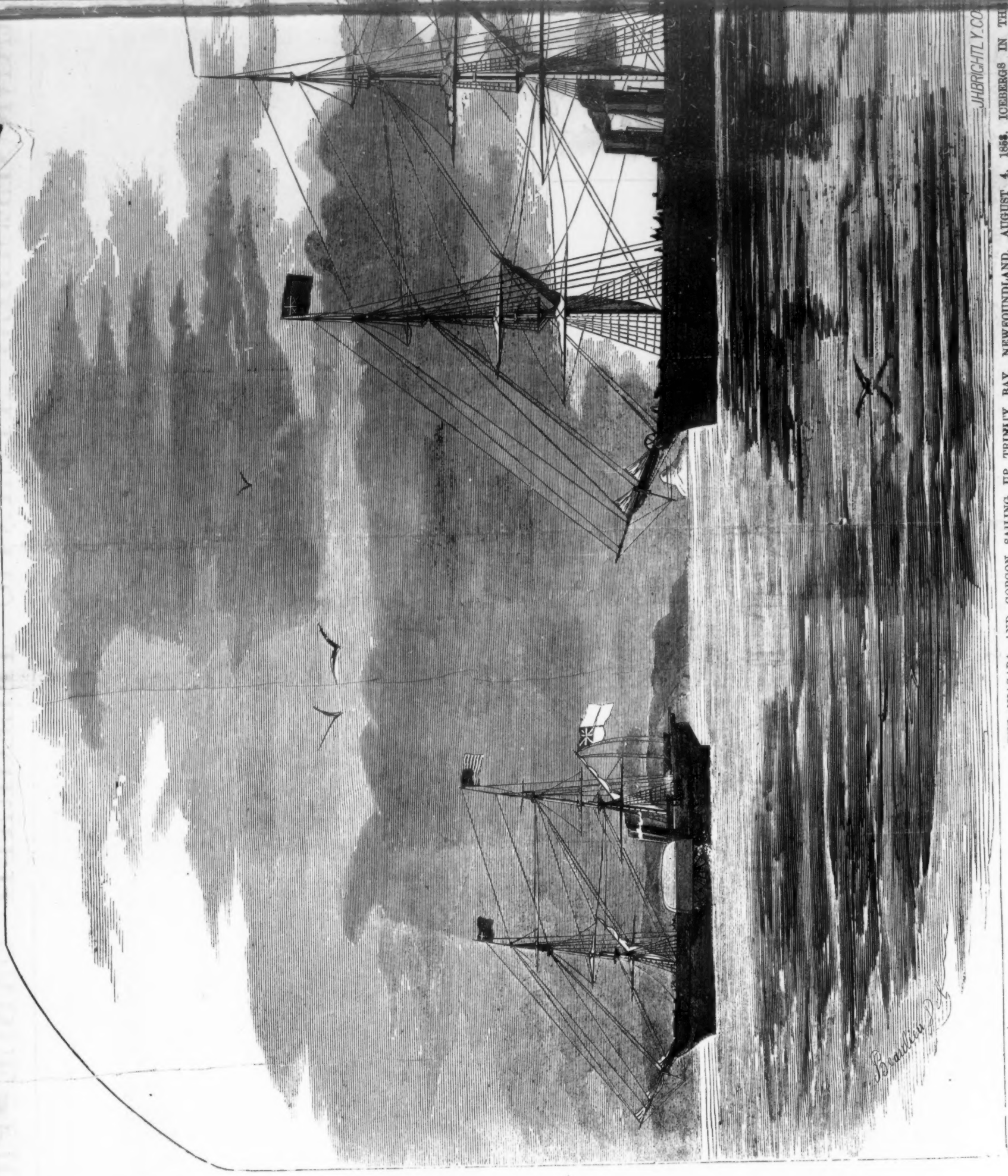


VALENTIA-CATAMARAN FOR UNDER-RUNNING THE SHORE-END OF THE CABLE.

FRANK LESLIE'S ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH

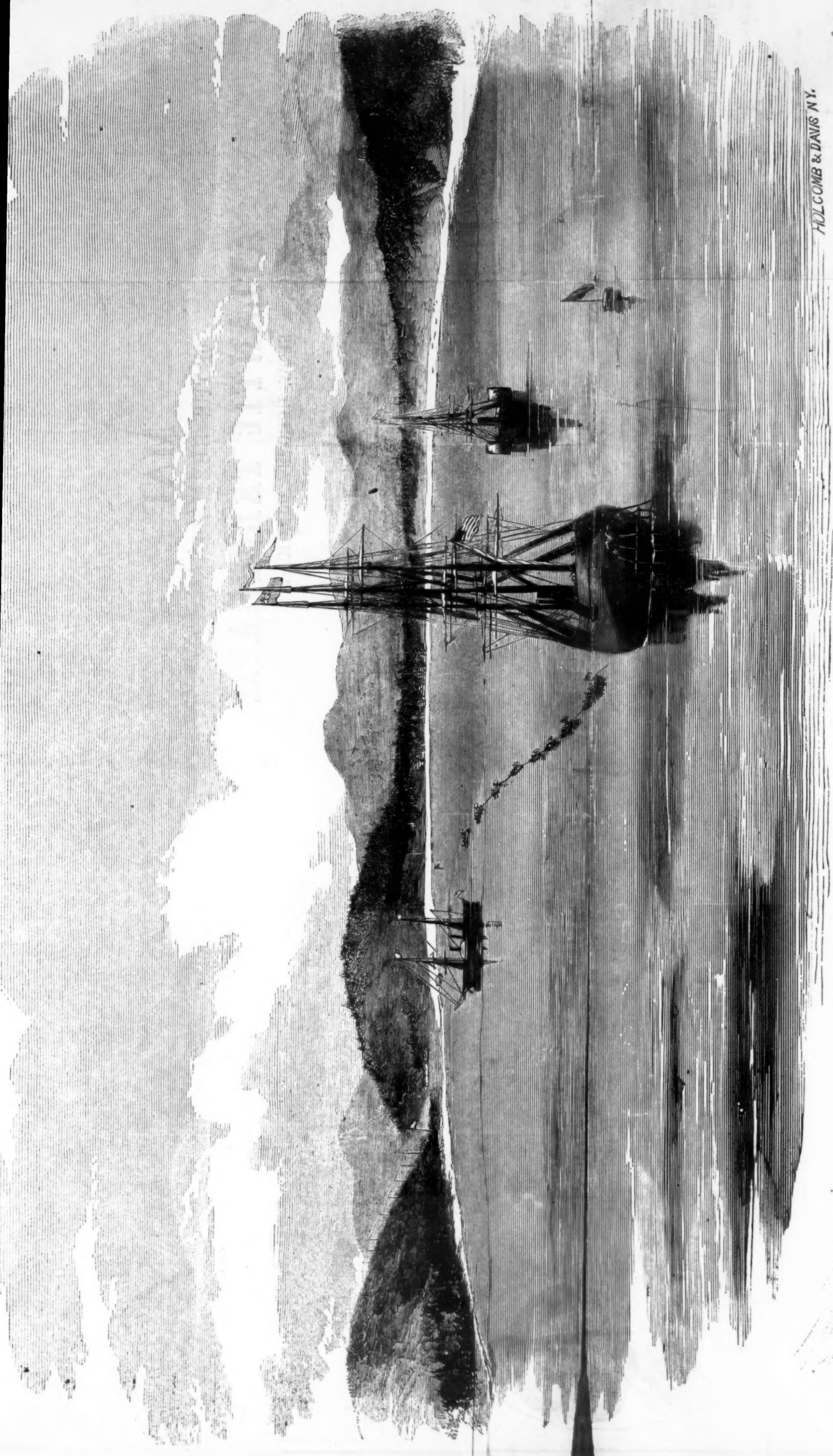


CAPTAIN WILLIAM L. HUDSON, COMMANDER OF THE NIAGARA.



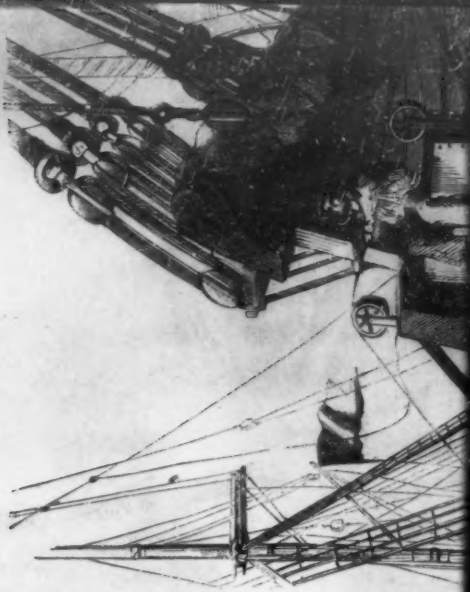
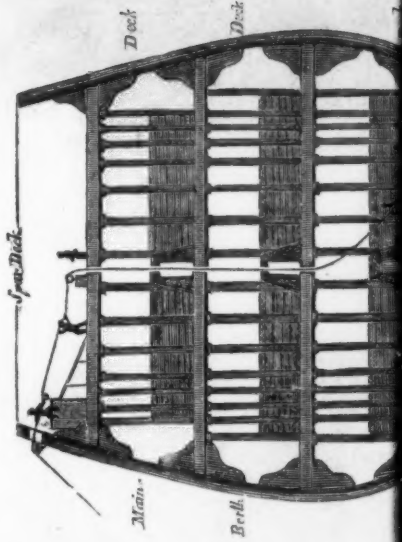
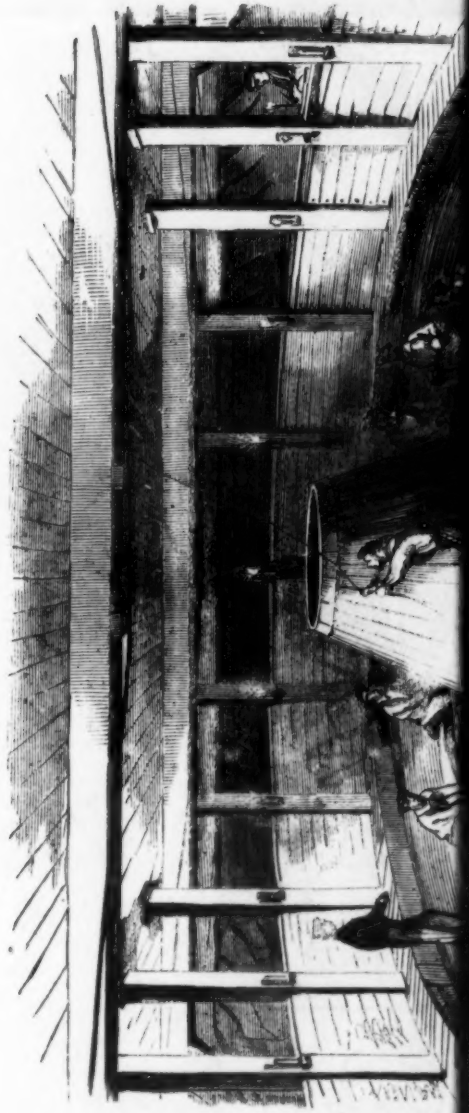
THE NIAGARA AND GORGON SAILING UP TRINITY BAY, NEWFOUNDLAND, AUGUST 4, 1858, ICEBERGS IN THE

J. H. BRIGHTLY & CO.



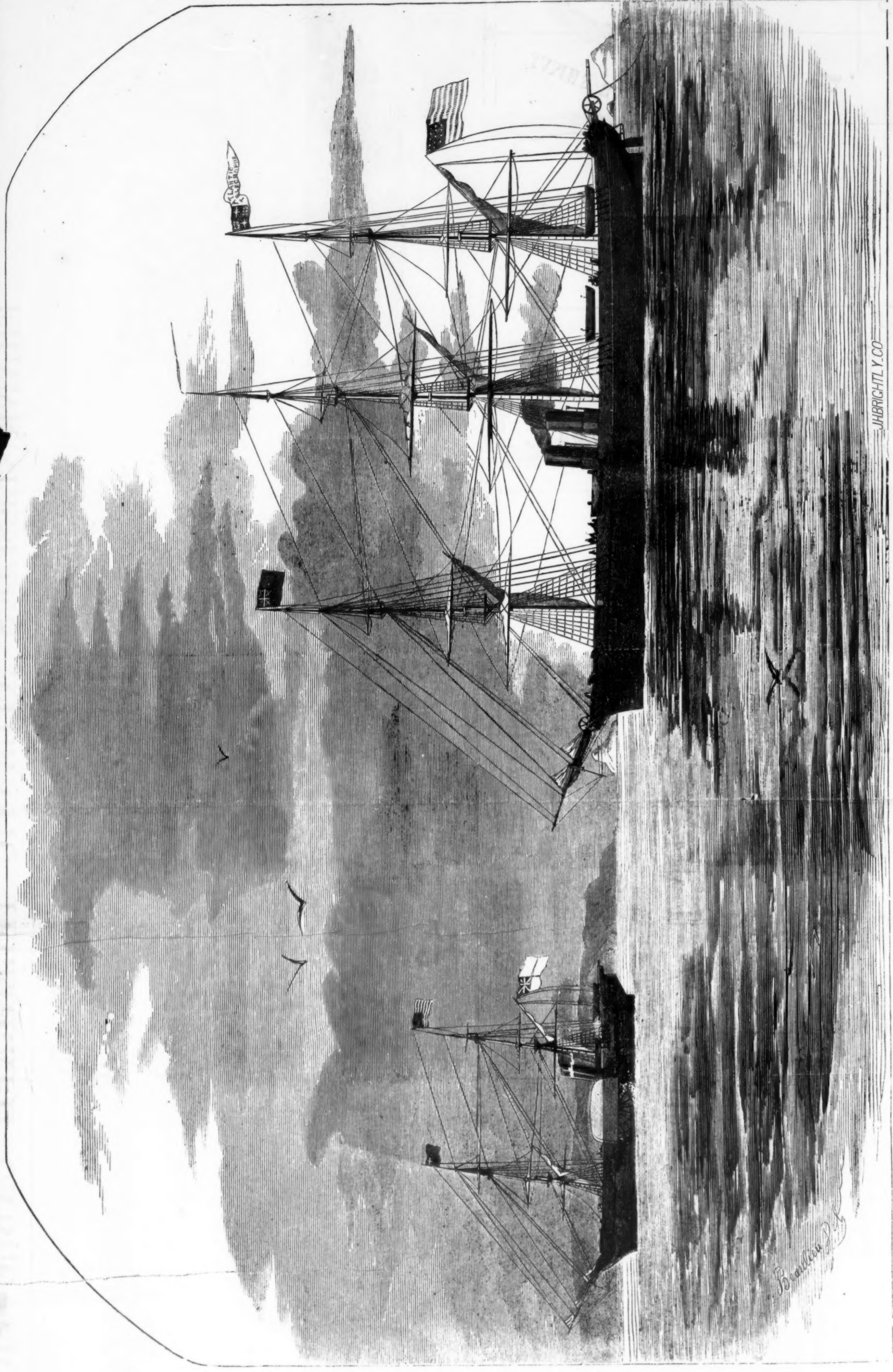
LANDING THE AMERICAN END OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE, TRINITY BAY, NEWFOUNDLAND, AT SIX O'CLOCK A. M., AUGUST 5, 1858.

HOLCOMB & DAVIS N.Y.



STERN OF THE NIAGARA

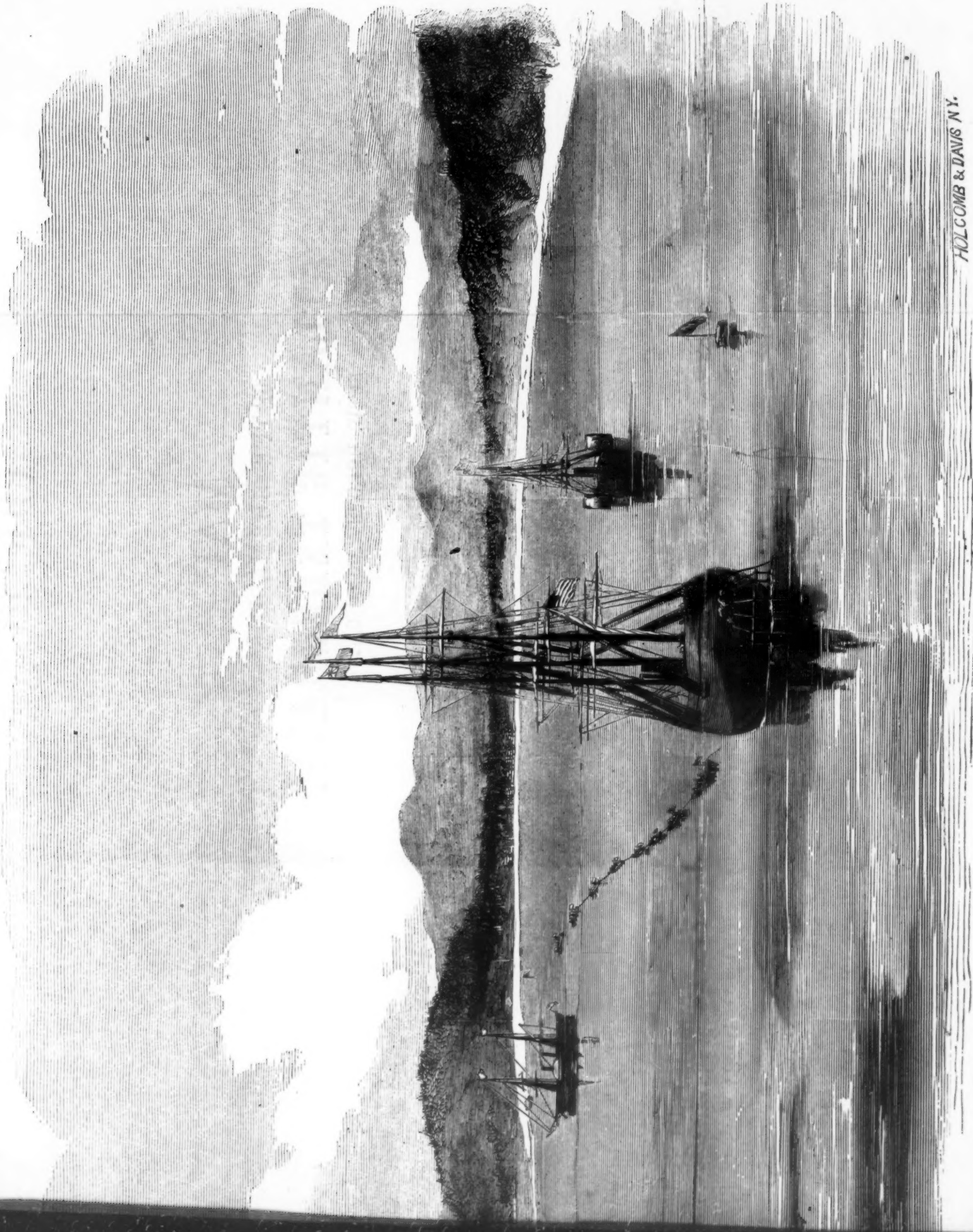
A WELL AN



NIAGARA

THE NIAGARA AND GORGON SAILING UP TRINITY BAY, NEWFOUNDLAND, AUGUST 4, 1858, ICEBERGS IN THE DISTANCE.

J. H. BRIGHTLY & CO.

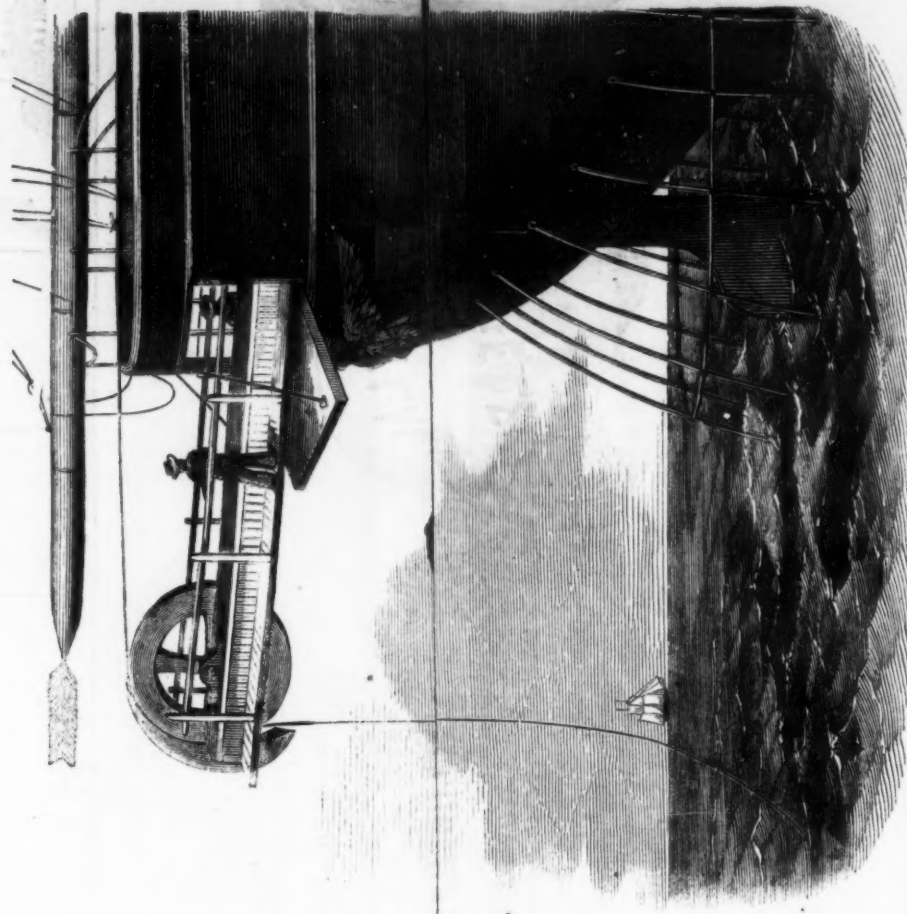


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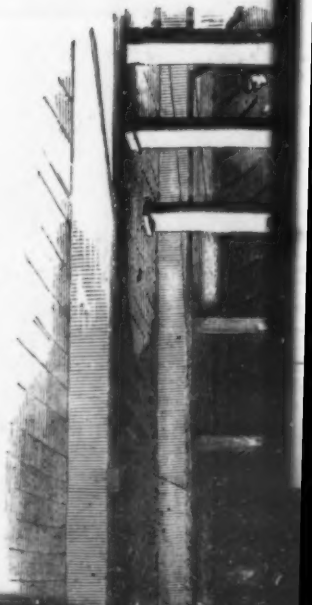
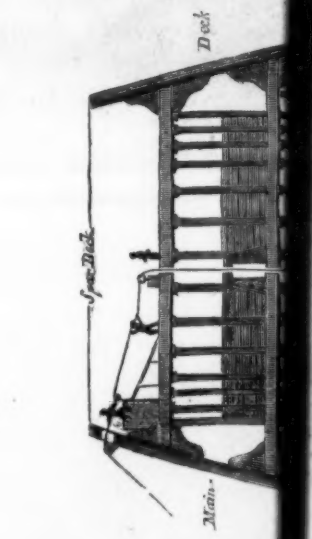
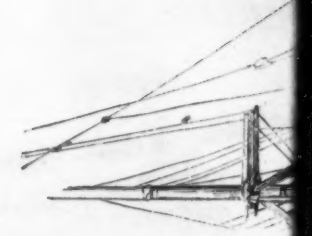
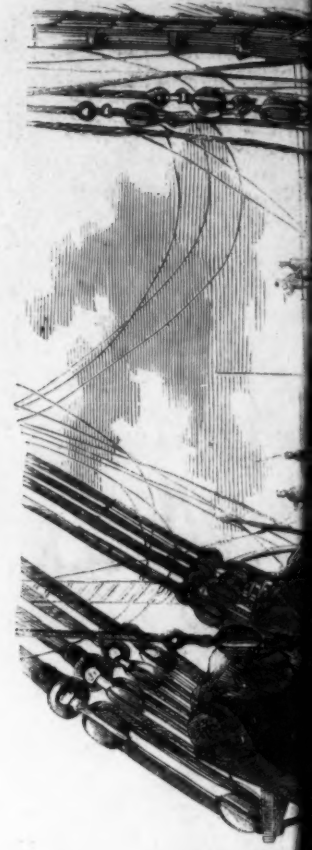
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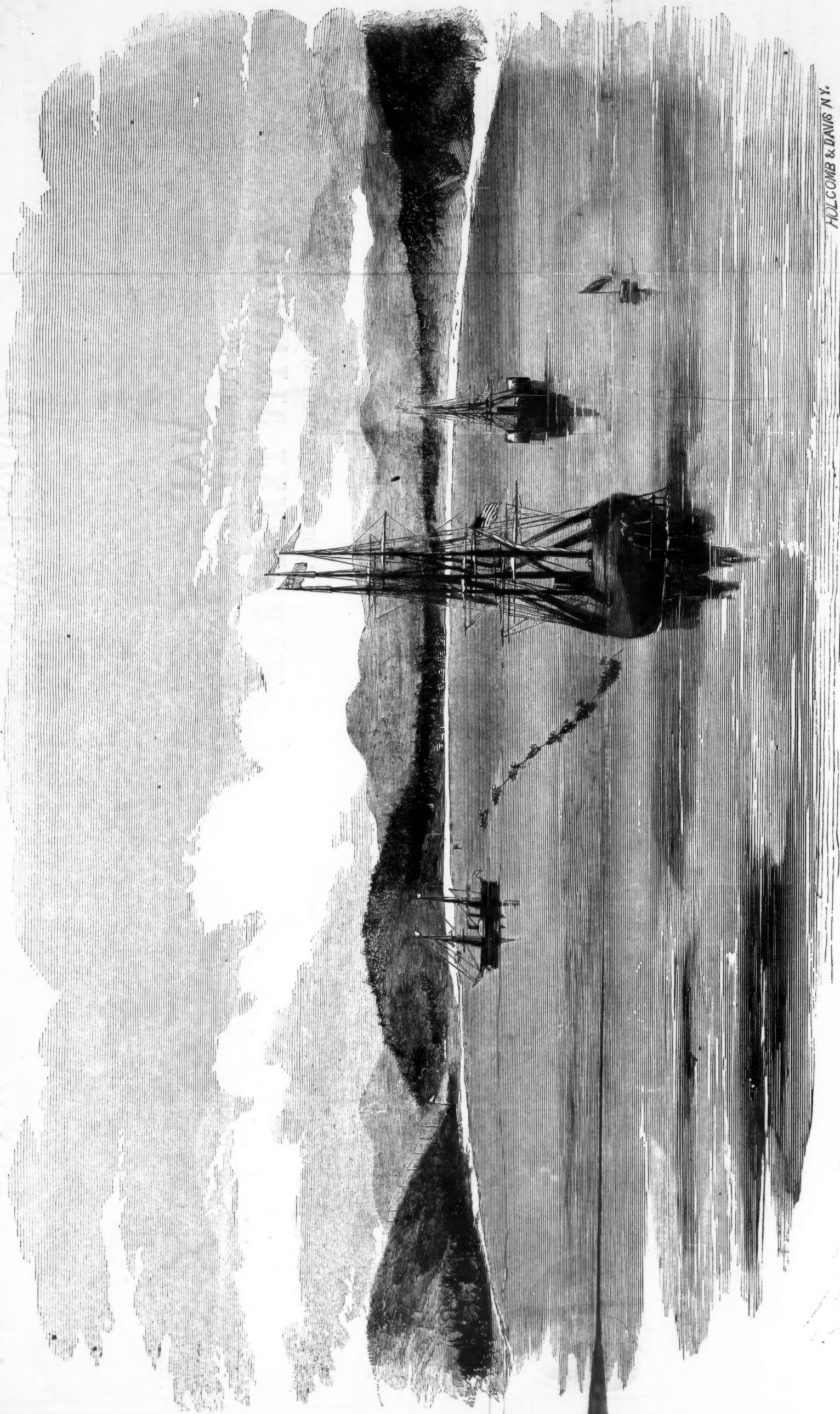


A WELL AND CONE PREPARED TO RECEIVE THE CABLE.



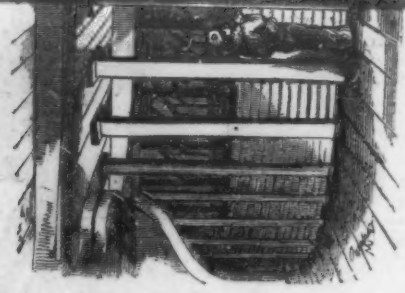
STERN OF THE NIAGARA, SHOWING THE MACHINERY USED FOR LAYING THE ATLANTIC CABLE.





LANDING THE AMERICAN END OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE, TRINITY BAY, NEWFOUNDLAND, AT SIX O'CLOCK A. M., AUGUST 6, 1858.

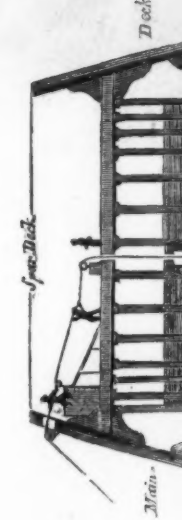
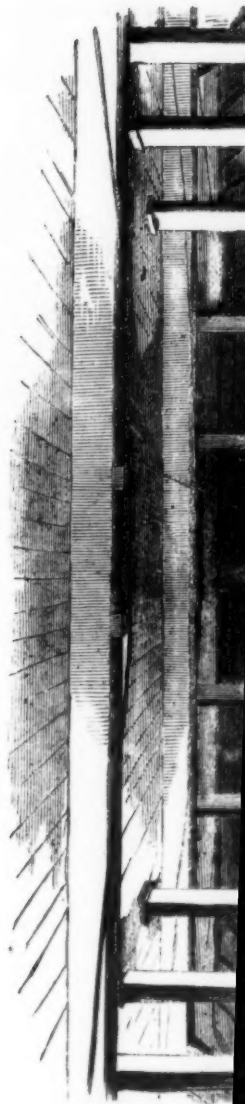
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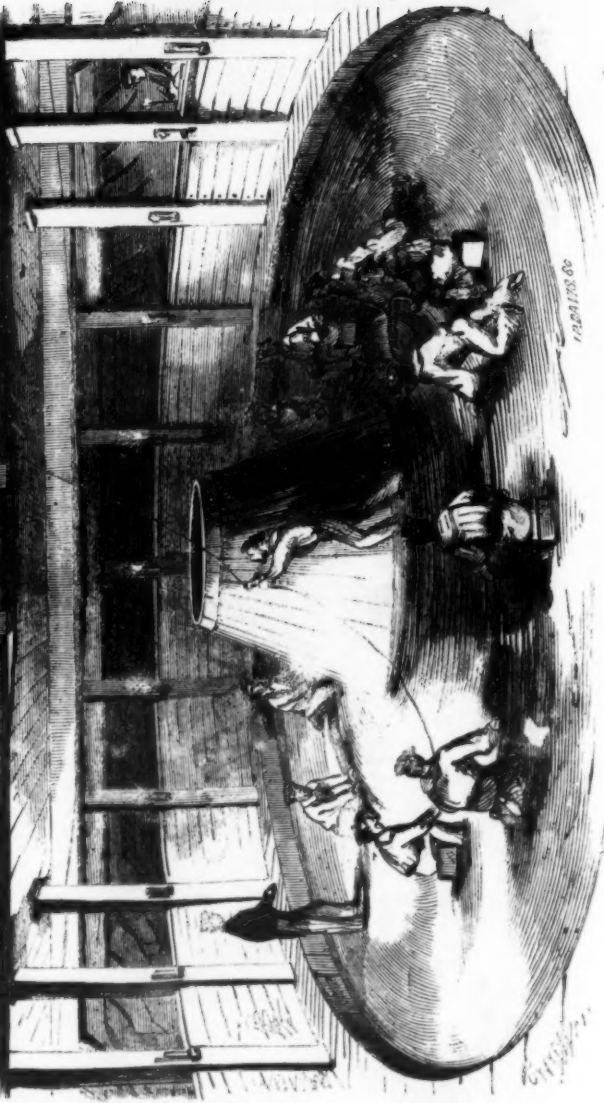


STERN OF THE NIAGARA, SEPTEMBER 1858.

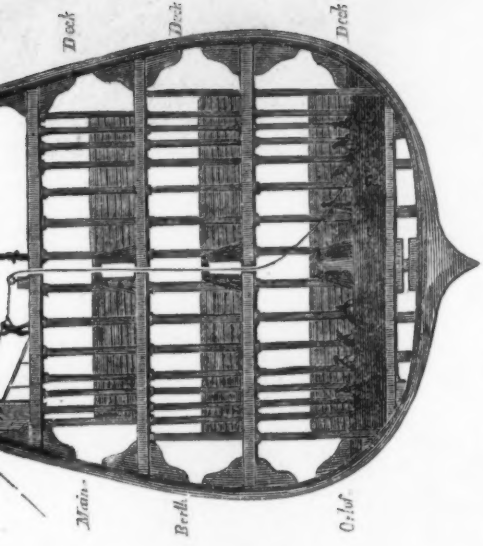


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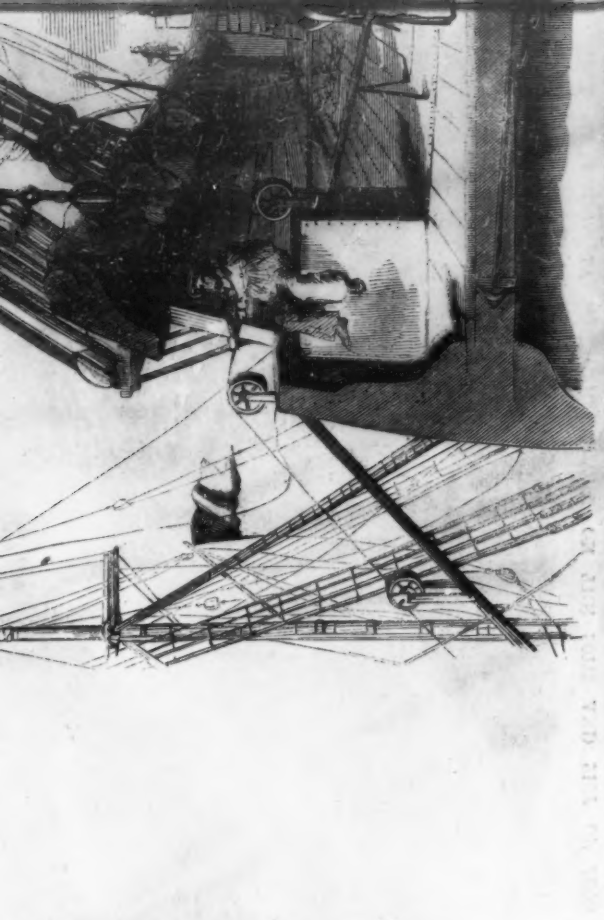
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THE PROCESS OF COILING AWAY THE CABLE IN THE LOWERMOST TANK OR CIRCLE.



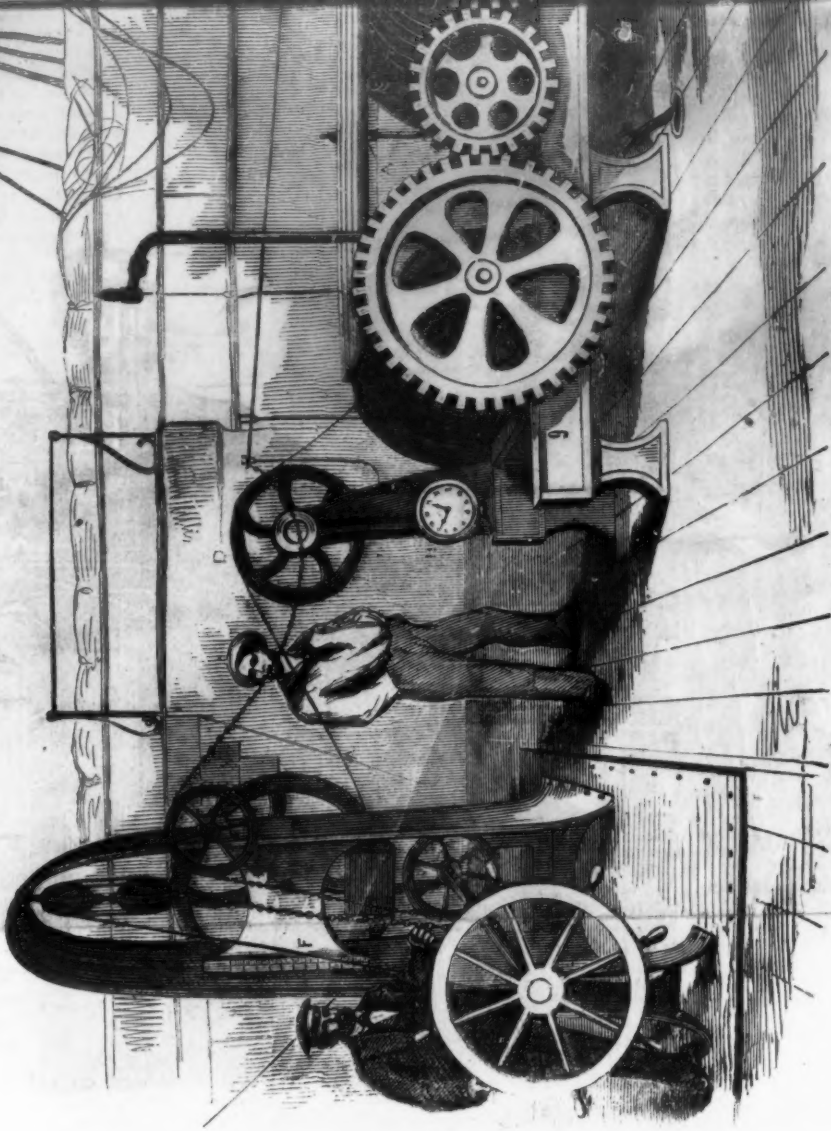
THE FOUR DECKS OF THE NIAGARA, WITH TWO HUNDRED MILES OF THE CABLE STOWED.



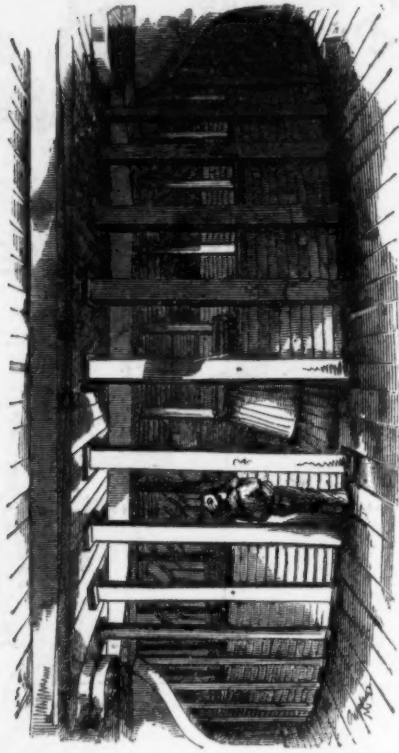
RECEIVING THE CABLE FROM THE TENDER WALLA



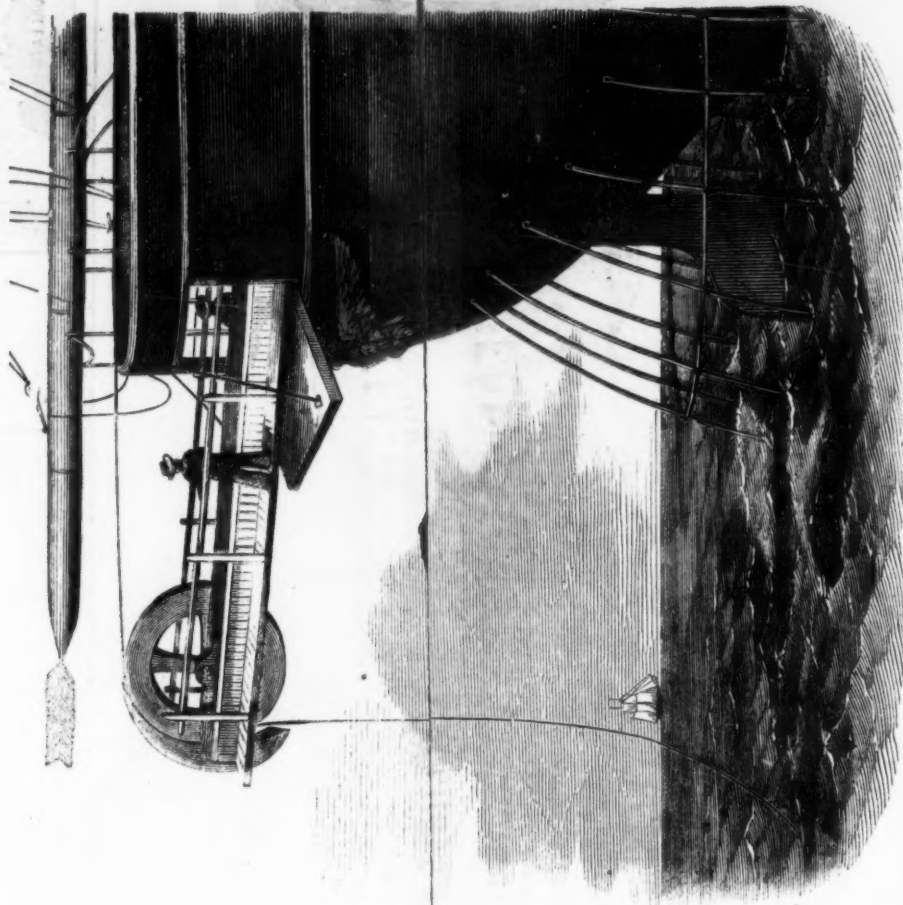
HARBOR OF DEVONPORT (ENGLAND) AND KEYHAM DOCKYARD—THE NIAGARA AND AGAMEMNON TAKING THE LAST INSTALLMENT OF THE TELEGRAPHIC CABLE ON BOARD.—TAKEN FROM MOUNT WISE.



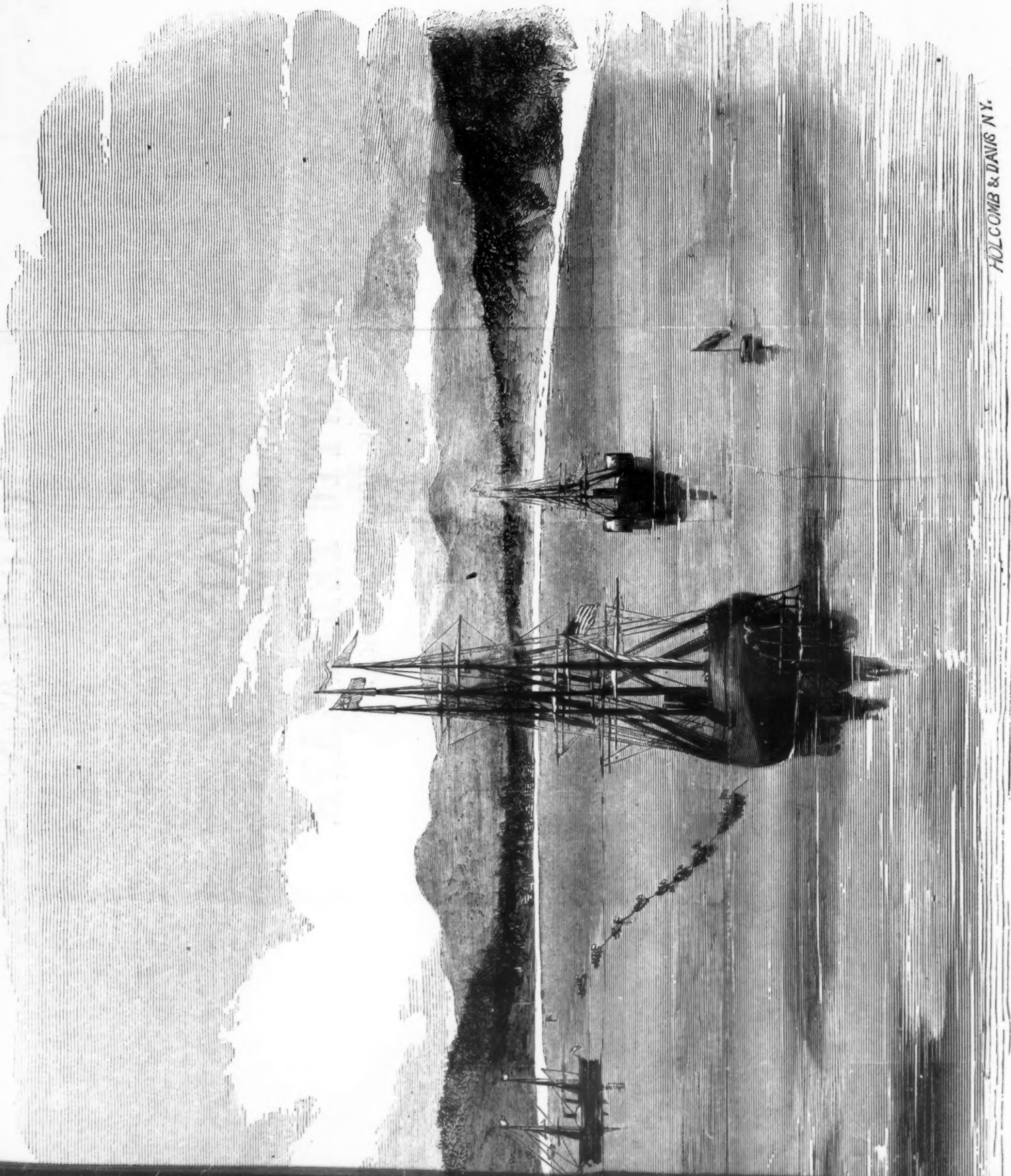
MACHINERY USED FOR PAYING OUT THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH CABLE ON BOARD.



A WELL AND CONE PREPARED TO RECEIVE THE CABLE.

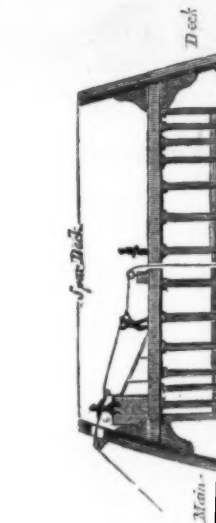
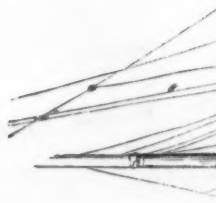
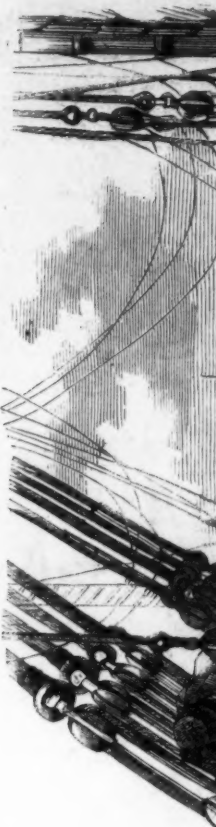


STERN OF THE NIAGARA, SHOWING THE MACHINERY USED FOR LAYING THE ATLANTIC CABLE.



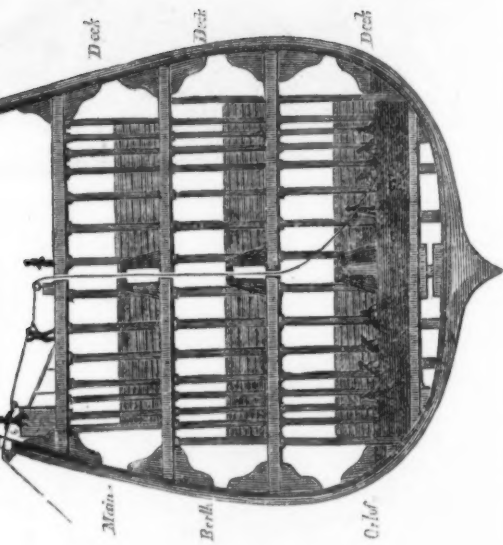
AN END OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE, TRINITY BAY, NEWFOUNDLAND, AT SIX O'CLOCK A. M., AUGUST 6, 1858.

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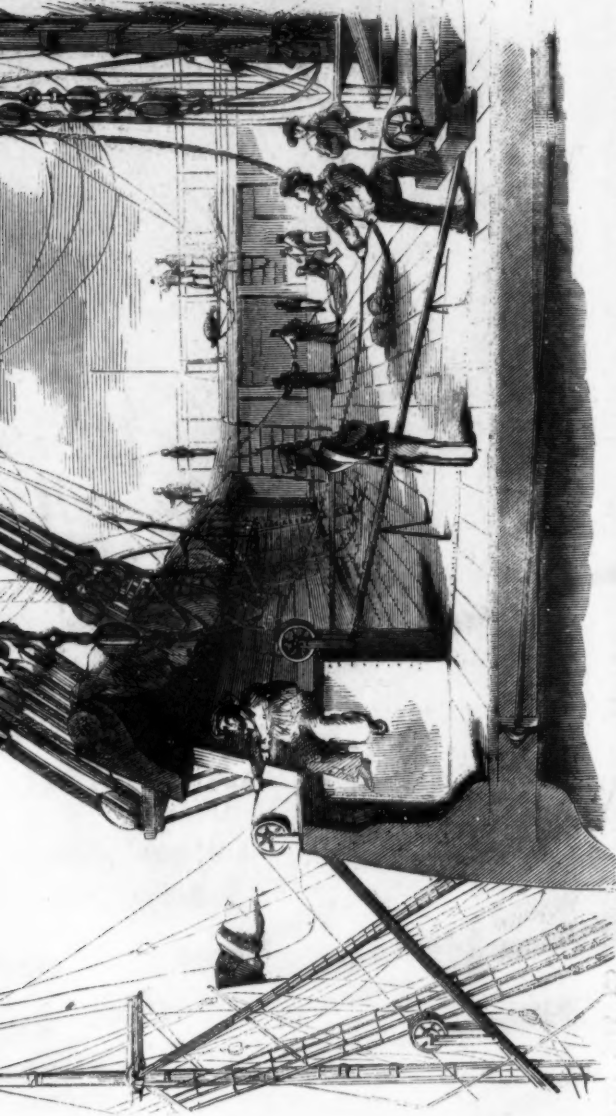




THE LOWERMOST TANK OR CIRCLE.



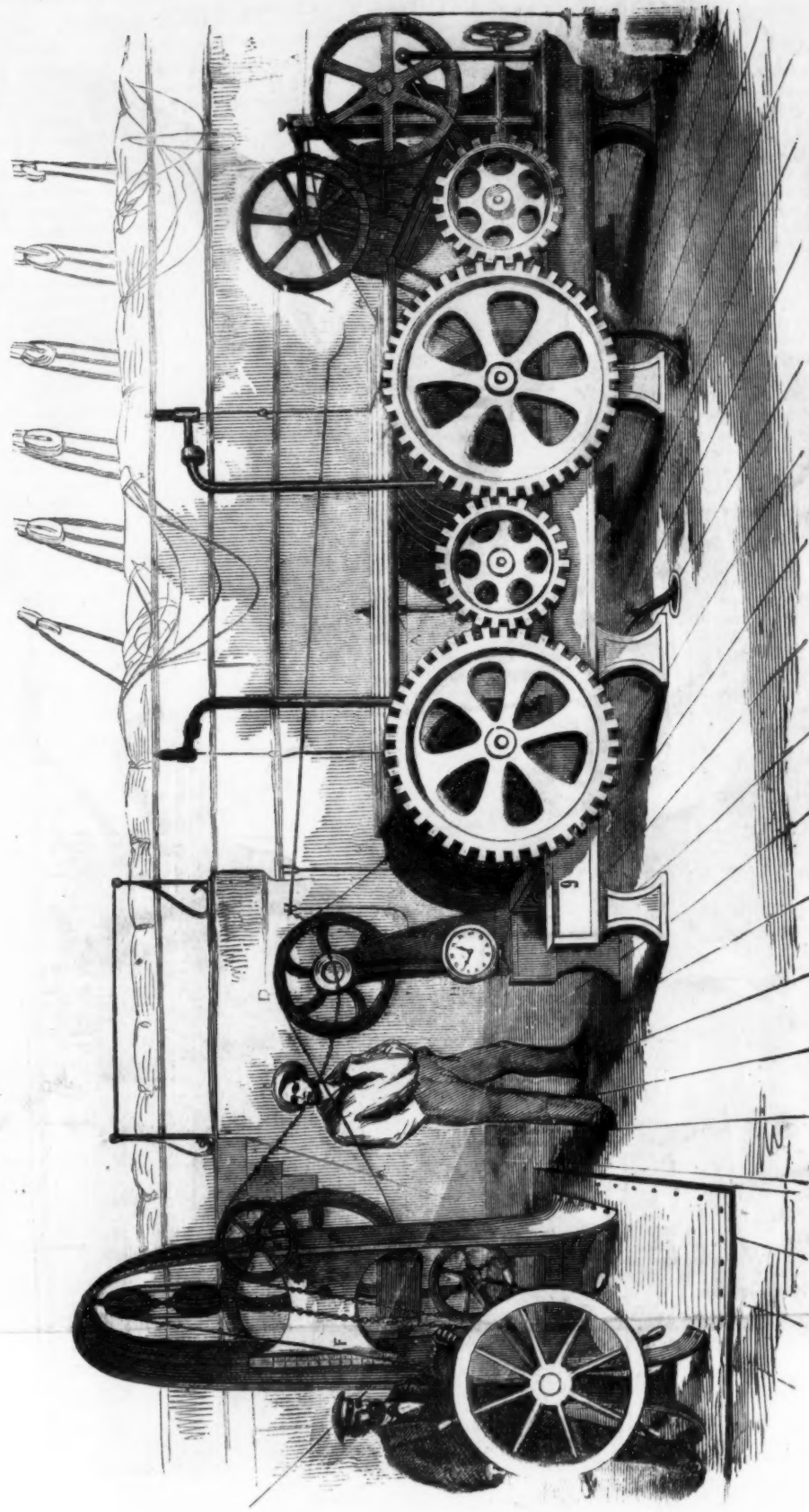
THE FOUR DECKS OF THE NIAGARA, WITH TWO HUNDRED MILES OF THE CABLE STOWED.



RECEIVING THE CABLE FROM THE TENDER WALLACE ON BOARD OF THE NIAGARA.



THE NIAGARA AND AGAMEMNON TAKING THE LAST INSTALMENT OF THE CABLE ON BOARD.—TAKEN FROM MOUNT WISE.



MACHINERY USED FOR PAYING OUT THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH CABLE ON BOARD OF THE NIAGARA AND AGAMEMNON.